Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Gay Comix #13

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Stories:

a2 - Juliette Does Toillette
a3 - Our Love Was Too Cosmic
a13 - Blue Moon
a14 - Dyke Sex Rap
a15 - Future Shock, Part 2
b2 - Gossip
b3 - Leonard & Larry in "And Baby Makes Five"
b7 - Doordyke
b8 - My Boss
b9 - Acquired Pronoun Deficiency Syndrome
b12 - Stonewall Riots
b14 - Tea and Sympathy
b15 - Birds Of A Feather
b25 - Fish Fantasy
b26 - Mission Accomplished
b27 - Garden Nymph

Artists:

Michael J. Goldberg - a1, a3-a12(s), b1, b9-b11(a)
Skye Smith - a2
Vaughn Frick - a3-a12(a)
"Groc" - a13, b14
Noreen Stevens - a14
Roberta Gregory - a15-a17
Jennifer Camper - b2
Tim Barela - b3-b6
Joan Hilty - b7
"Blue" - b8
Peter Keane - b9-b11(s)
Andrea Natalie - b12-b13
Robert Triptow - b15-b24
Patrick Marcel - b25
Angela Bocage - b26, b27

Comments:

Back-to-back "69" issue.

Mature Readers

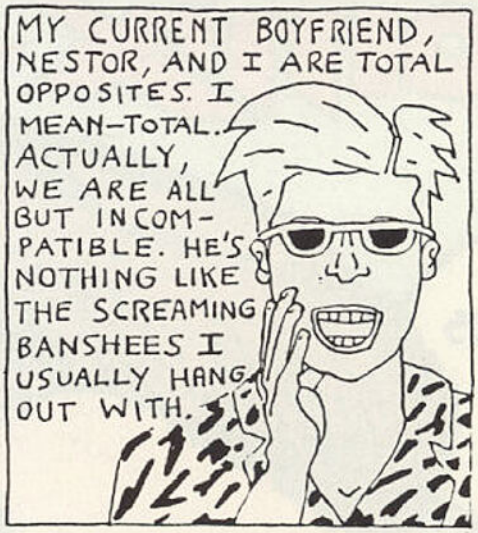
GAY Comix no. 13

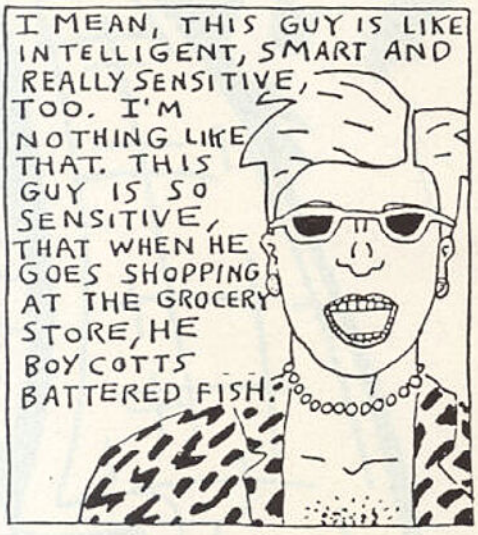
$2.50

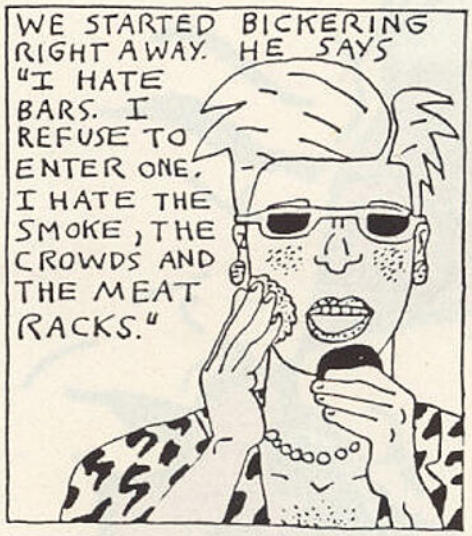
Torrid Tales of Politically Incorrect Love!

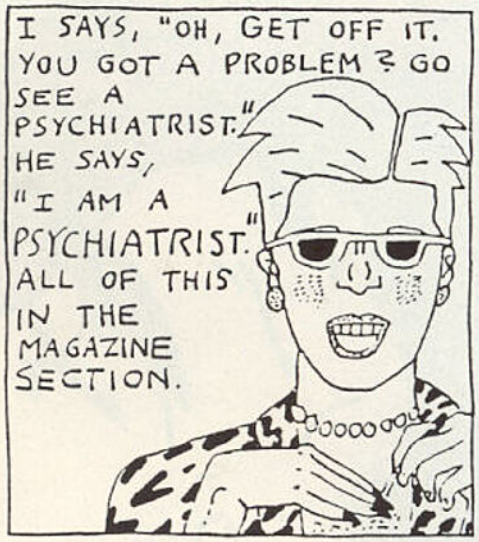
Juliette DOES Toilette', wears DRESSES and CONFESSES

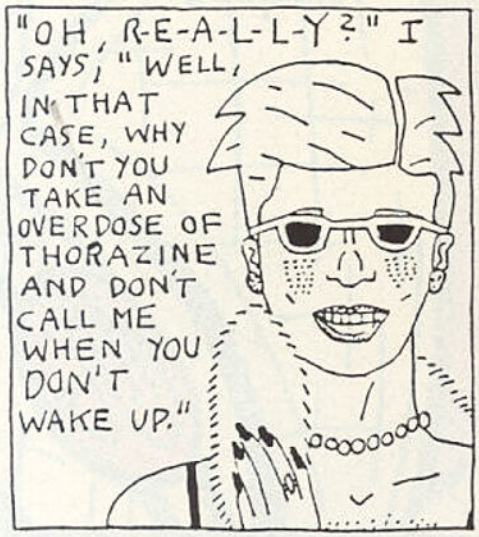
by SKYE ©1988

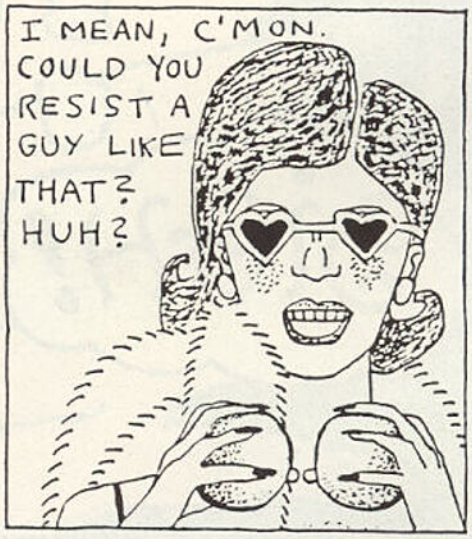












IT WAS HIM... ME... THE UNIVERSE - I COULDN'T FIGHT IT...

OUR LOVE WAS TOO COSMIC

IT WAS ANOTHER DREARY DAY. EVEN MY SPIRIT GUIDES WEREN'T SPEAKING TO ME...

BURNOUT...

THAT EVENING UPON ARRIVING HOME-

GLOW IN THE DARK JESUS?

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD? NA!

NOT ANOTHER TEA DANCE!

DING DONG

IT WAS MY FRIEND FRED.

PACK YOUR BAGS, HONEY! WE'RE HEADED FOR A **FAIRIE GATHERING!**

FAIRIES!?! I THOUGHT THAT WENT OUT IN THE 50'S

WHAT!?!

NOT THOSE KIND, SILLY- **GAY FAIRIES!**

LOOK FRED, HAVE YOU BEEN STARING INTO CRYSTALS TOO LONG?

NO! AND MY **FAIRIE NAME** IS- **FLASHING MOON!** LISTEN, YOU'LL LOVE IT! IMAGINE- HUNDREDS OF **MEN** RUNNING **NAKED** THROUGH THE WOODS,,, MAKING LOVE,,, CHANNELING ENERGY ,,,HEALING THE EARTH!

BUT I THOUGHT ALL THAT WENT OUT IN THE 60'S

I WAS SKEPTICAL...

BUT THE NEXT MORNING WE WERE ON OUR WAY...

WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO? THIS **THING** COULD EASILY DEGENERATE INTO THE TYPE OF SILLINESS I DESPISE! HMMMMm I WONDER IF THERE'LL BE ANY **CUTE GUYS** THERE?

BABBLE OHCOD

WHILE UNPACKING, I PONDERED MANY THINGS...
ULTIMA III! WHAT A STRANGE NAME!
I WONDER WHAT SIGN HE IS...
I HOPE I BROUGHT MY COPY OF "STUCK ON A BRANCH!"
THEN I BRAVED THE DINNER CIRCLE!
GENTLE BLEACH JOB, YOU LOOK 50-50 BLOND!
THANK YOU, RITA BURRITA
I'VE GOT A BATTERY POWERED JUICER IN MY TENT!
...AND THEN OUR LIPS WERE CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF THE COSMIC LIPSTICK!!
TELL US MORE!
200 LBS GRANOLA
FA-A-A-BULOUS!
AS I REACHED FOR THE LAST BANANA, ANOTHER HAND WAS REACHING TOO - OUR PALMS TOUCHED!
OH - EXCUSE ME!

THE SCENE THAT MET MY EYES WAS STRANGER THAN ANY MEDITATION TRIP I'D EVER BEEN ON...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
UHH! IT'S... IT'S... DIFFERENT!
MY MIND WAS REELING...
WHOOSE TENT IS THAT?
WHY IT'S ULTIMA III'S TENT!
WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM- HE'S GORGEOUS!
I QUICKLY REGAINED MY COMPOSURE AS WE HEADED TO PITCH OUR TENTS.
3

THAT'S COOL, THIS BANANA'S KARMA WAS TO BE EATEN BY YOU- TAKE IT! MY FAIRIE NAME'S ULTIMA III WHAT'S YOURS?
OH MY GOD * HE IS GORGEOUS!
INSPIRED BY AN EARLIER CRYSTAL WORKSHOP, I REACHED FOR A NAME TO REFLECT MY SOUL.
UHM, PEBBLES.. PEBBLES FLINTSTONE!
AS WE MADE SMALL TALK, THE AIR BECAME CHARGED WITH POSITIVE ENERGY
I'LL BE AT THE COSMED-ITATION LATER
MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU?
THE INVITATION TOOK ME BY SURPRISE, BUT WHEN HE PULLED ME CLOSE TO HIM -
UH- SURE
I THOUGHT I'D BLOWN MY KUNDALINI!
* POLITICALLY INCORRECT
5

FELT HIS EYES UNDRESSING MY ASTRAL BODY.
2 LATER, I JOINED THE COSMED-ITATION AND ENDED UP SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO HIM...
3 I DRIFTED INTO A DREAM STATE WHERE ULTIMA III AND I MERGED WITH THE ONE...
4 SUDDENLY AN ARM AROUND MY SHOULDER JOLTED ME BACK INTO REALITY.
COME HERE...
ULTIMA! I'M READY FOR THAT MASSAGE YOU PROMISED ME!!
MY MOMENT OF BLISS WAS CUT SHORT BY MADONIS, THE QUEEN BEE OF THE 24 HOUR DISH SUPPORT CIRCLE...
6

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME TOMORROW NIGHT FOR THE BIG RITUAL?
=SIGH= anything...
THE 2-FACED CHEEKS OF THE MOON RITUAL! THE SENIOR PROM OF THE WHOLE GATHERING! I WAS IN ECSTASY! BUT HOW COULD I KNOW THE NEGATIVE IONS WE CREATED WOULD BE A PRELUDE OF THINGS TO COME!?
MY PENIS MYSELF WORKSHOP
THE NEXT 24 HOURS WERE BLISS. WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER IT WAS HEAVEN ON EARTH!
AND WHEN WE WERE APART, I COULDN'T SHAKE HIS IMAGE...
PORTA POOP
BAD Poodle
WAS IT TWO DAYS WITHOUT MEAT AND SUGAR, OR WAS IT LOVE?
7

THE NEXT EVENING, ALONG WITH FLASHING MOON, GOSSIP FLOWER, AND PATSY PITBULL, I HEADED TOWARDS THE BIG RITUAL. MY HAIR WAS SPARKLING WITH GLITTER, AND MY HEART WAS THROBBING WITH ANTICIPATION.

IT WAS DARK OUT, AND IN MY GOOFY ECSTASY I DIDN'T SEE THEM UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...

MADONIS AND ULTIMA WERE MERGED IN A WAY I HAD ONLY DREAMED OF!

SUDDENLY THE GATES OF ETERNAL ENLIGHTENMENT WERE SLAMMED IN MY FACE!

I RAN TO MY TENT SOBBING. AS THE RITUAL HEATED UP I COULD HEAR THEM HOWLING AT THE MOON TOGETHER.

OH, HOW CAN I BEAR THE SOUND OF THEIR OHMS?

ORCA DADDY ACTION TOTE

IF THIS IS PAST LIFE REGRESSION-

I WANT NO MORE!

THE 5 a.m. AURA CLEANSING THE NEXT MORNING WAS A FAILURE. I TRIED TO FORGET ULTIMA ONLY MY LOWER CHAKRAS WOULDN'T LET ME.

AROUND MID-MORNING I GOT TO THE DRAG TENT TO RETURN SOME THINGS. THERE WAS MADONIS LOOKING SMUG AND SATISFIED. I BLURTED OUT IN MY ANGER:

YOU LITTLE DOUBLE CROSSER! IT WAS ULTIMA'S **KARMA** TO BE WITH **ME** LAST NIGHT!

I WAS NOT READY FOR THE ATTACK FROM THE QUEEN BITCH-ER-BEE!

LOOK **MISS NOVICE**, YOUR **NOT SPIRITUAL ENOUGH YET**! ULTIMA NEEDS SOMEONE WELL-ROUNDED, AND WELL GROUNDED - **THAT'S ME!**

SO LISTEN, "PEBBLES", KEEP YOUR TOFU HOOKS OFF HIM! HE'S MY GUY!

ALL EYES WERE UPON US - I DIDN'T NOTICE ULTIMA WAS WATCHING!

YOU MIGHT HAVE HIM ON THE **PHYSICAL PLANE**, BUT ON THE **ASTRAL PLANE** HE'S **ALL MINE!!**

I FLED AND RAN TILL I FLUNG MYSELF DOWN ON A GRASSY KNOLL. WHAT CRUEL DEED HAD I DONE IN A PREVIOUS LIFE TO DESERVE THIS!

PEBBLES, I KNOW YOUR IN PAIN- LET ME EXPLAIN, MADONIS AND I JUST CONNECTED ON THE LOWER PLANE - EVERYONE KNOWS THAT'S **ALL** HE'S **GOOD** FOR!

THE VIBRATIONS BETWEEN **US** ARE MUCH DEEPER - AND WHEN I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID TO MADONIS I REALIZED-

I'M YOURS ON A **HIGHER** PLANE. EVEN IF WE NEVER TOUCH AGAIN WE'LL **ALWAYS** BE TOGETHER!

HE WALKED AWAY, BUT I FELT NO PAIN. THE GATES HAD BEEN RE-OPENED. I HAD FOUND THAT COSMIC LOVE I'D ALWAYS CRAVED!

STILL, SOMEHOW, I ALWAYS WONDER IF WE'LL EVER MEET AGAIN.

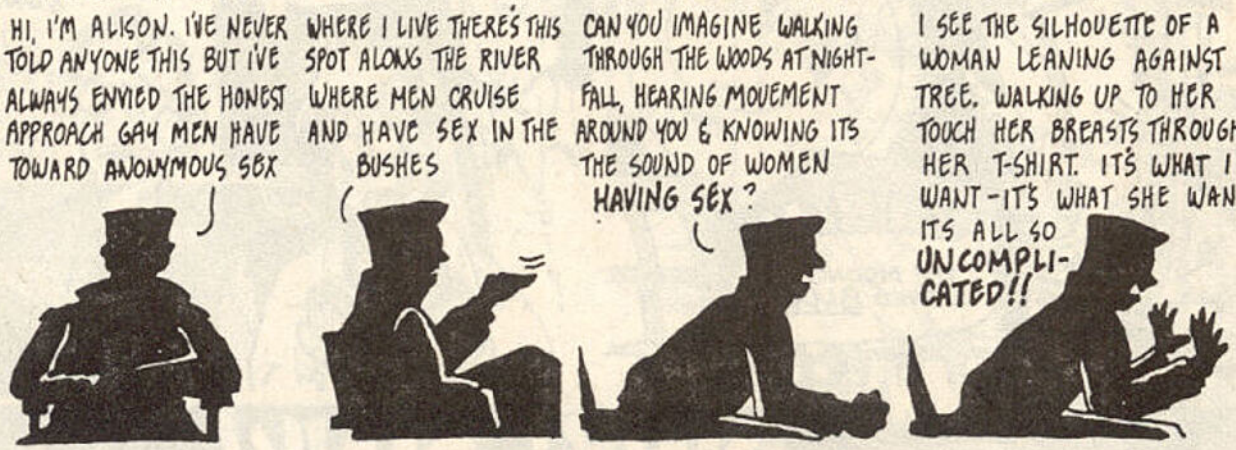
HEY! LOOK EVERYBODY!
MICK
DUANE
THE MOON'S TURNED BLUE!
TOKEN HET
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ABOUT THIS IN MY FILOFAX!
BELINDA
NOR MINE, AND HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS? EVERY SINGLE DAY THIS MONTH IS A SUNDAY!
I HAD WONDERED WHY THERE ARE SO MANY EPISODES OF 'SONGS OF PRAISE' ON!
AND 'LOST IN SPACE!'
OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK
EEEK! WHAT'S THAT!?
FLYING PIGGIES!
HEY! I'VE SUDDENLY REALISED WHAT MIGHT BE GOING ON HERE!
OOOOH WHAT?
JUST YOU FOLLOW ME!
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? THIS GROC'S HOUSE! WHY DO WE NEED A LADDER?
18A
SHUSH!
SEE? IT'S JUST AS I EXPECTED! GROC HAS GOT OFF WITH SOMEONE!
THE FLYING PIGGIES I CAN BELIEVE BUT NOT THIS!
ZZZZZZ
OH NO! DAMMIT DAMMIT DAMMIT! IT WAS ALL A DREAM!
EMPTY CHOCOLATE-CHIP COOKIE WRAPPERS
COOKIES
© GROC '88

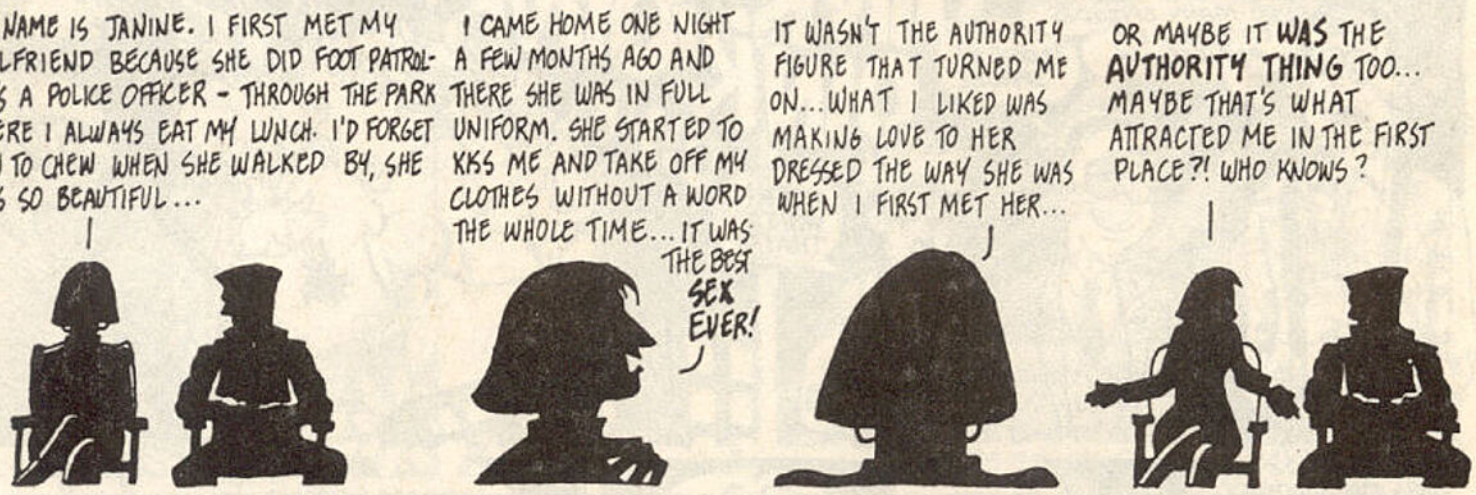
THE CHOSEN FAMILY

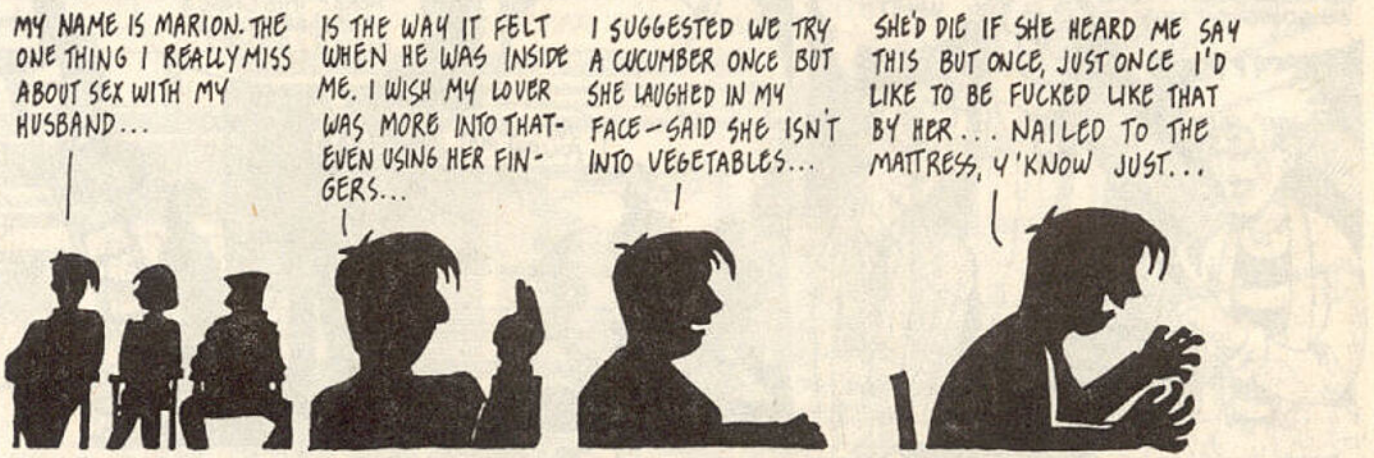
DYKE SEX RAP

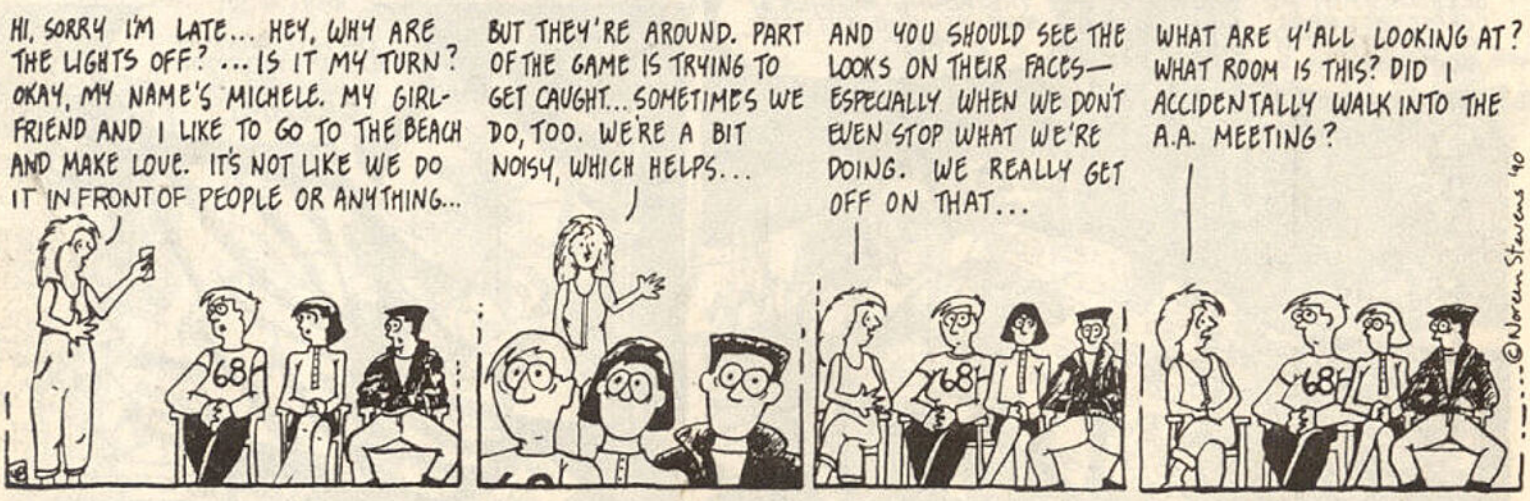
© Noreen Stevens '90

The faces of these women are hidden and their voices altered to protect their identities









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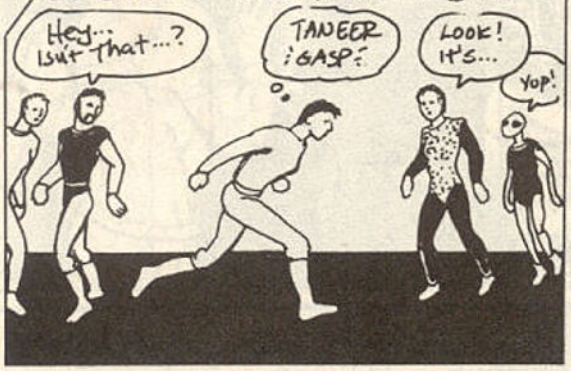
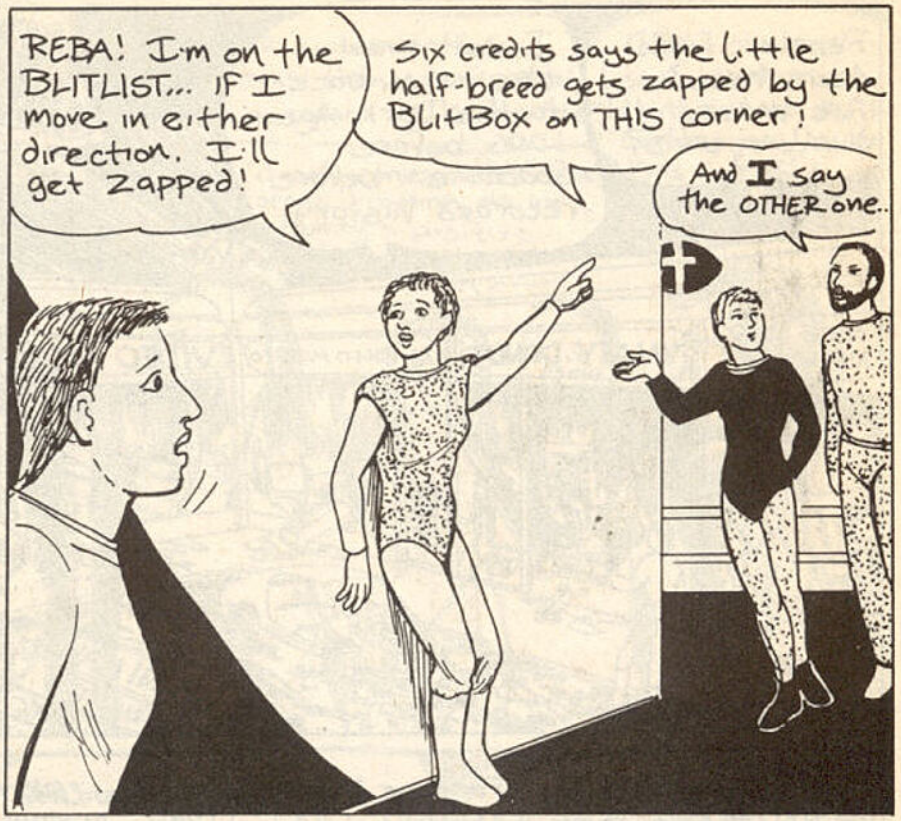
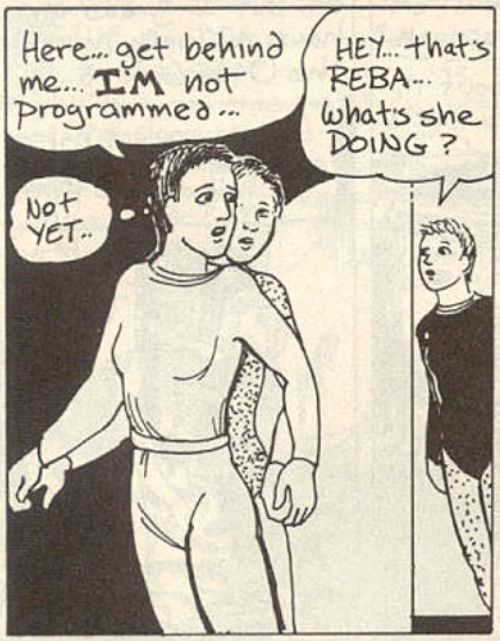
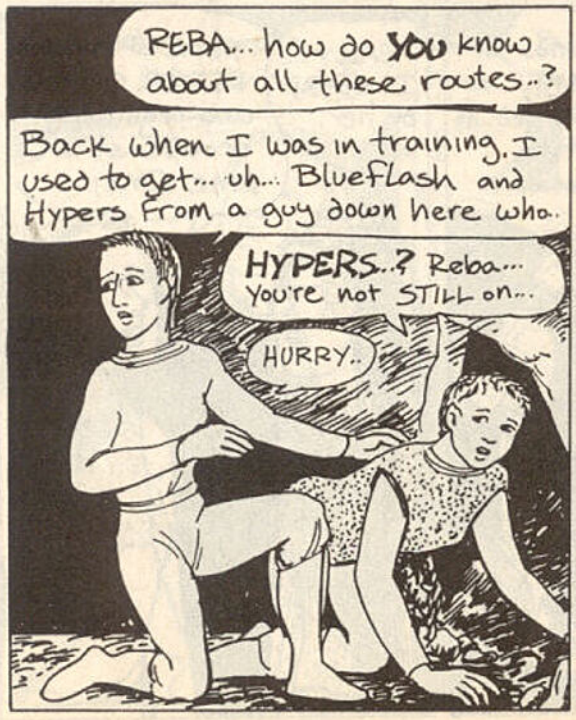
FUTURE SHOCK PART 2

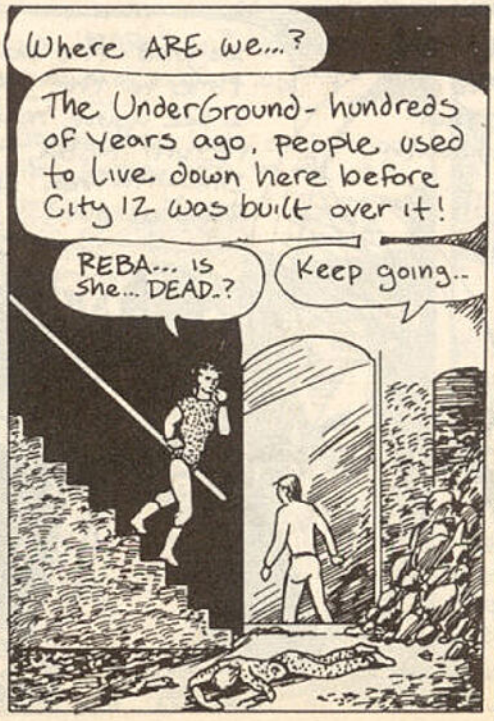
THE STORY SO FAR- Reba and Taneer live and Love Illegally in Godstate, sometime in our future (but hopefully NOT!) Reba is a SlaughtaThon superstar. Taneer has just been put on the "BLIT" for Mouthing off against Godstate. Reba to the rescue...



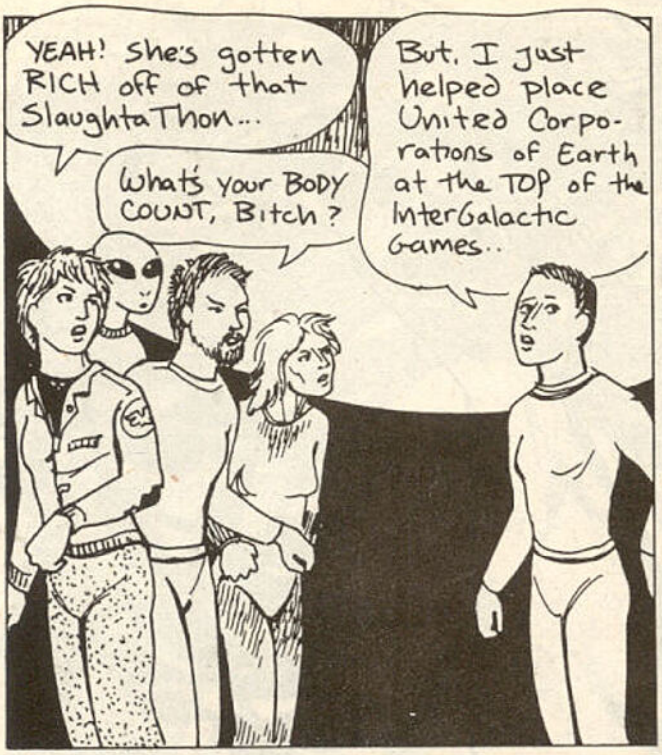


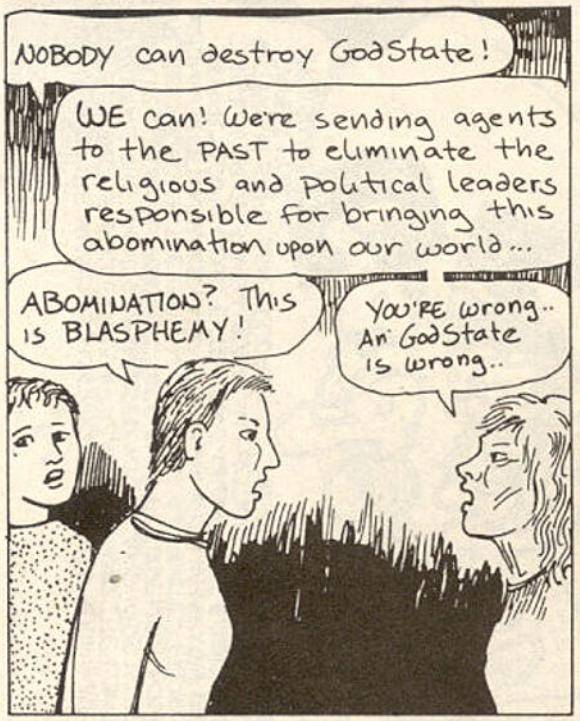


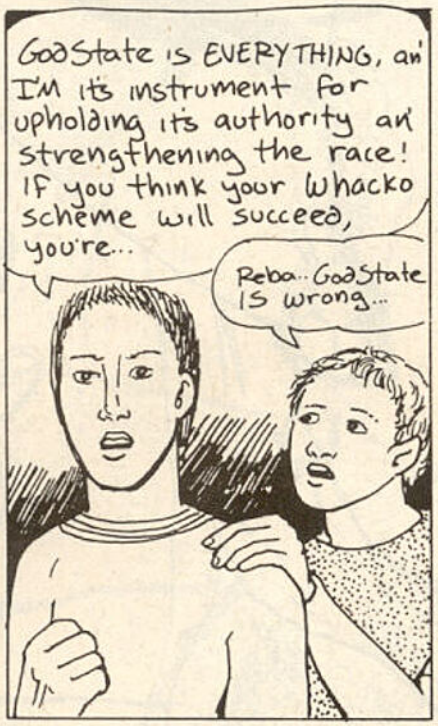


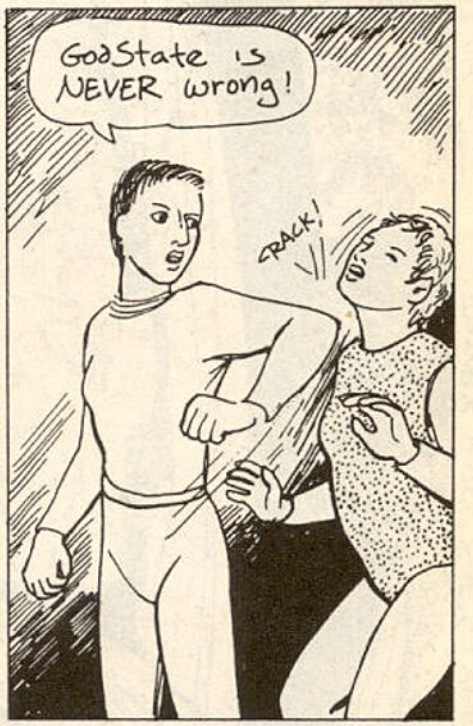


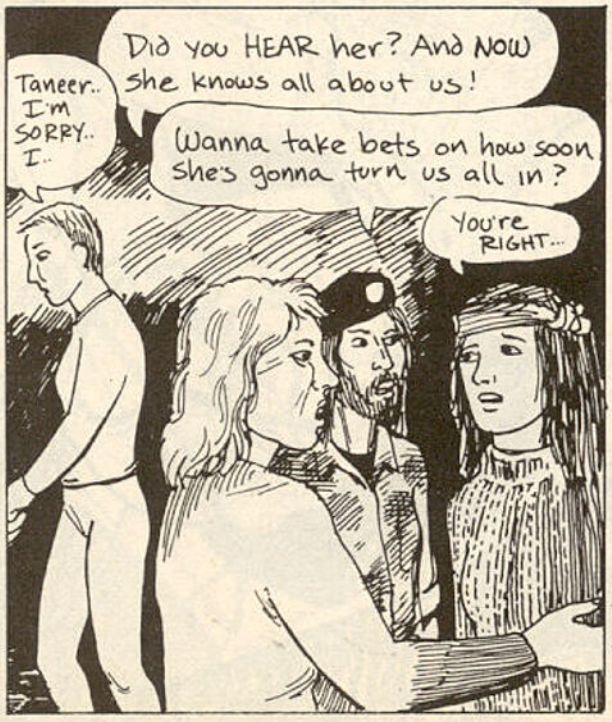
People... LIVED down here? Are these dwelling units?
I don't know... this dates back to the Dark Age.. LONG before GodState... before recorded history.
NICE NAILS
VALLEY DONUT
EL POLLO MUERTO
VIDEO WO
MINI MALL
CARNICERIA
VIDEO
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SLICKS! And turn over your weapons..
Yeah.. SURE!
We.. we havent GOT any...
PLEASE don't kill us- We HAD to come down here. I'm on the BLIT..
For bein' DEVIANT, it looks like... We 'pop' 'em, right?
And I'M GOING to be..
No- bring 'em WITH us..
Are you CRAZY? We don't know ANYTHING about 'em! What if they're informants?
Don't worry about it, Zack! THIS way, sisters!
I dunno what's goin' on, but I guess you have officially joined the UnderGround...
um.. you wouldn't happen to know where I can get hold of some Hypers..
Reba.. NO!
This looks like a musical instrument, but it's tuned to an ultra-high pitch that can actually send an individual...
YEAH.. tell 'em EVERYTHING..
.. beyond the bounds of time to the PAST... an' I see you've managed to recruit REBA, the SlaughtaThon champ to help us out!
REALLY? I.. HEARD of her, but..
Some of my BETTER conflicts are regularly broadcast on Line One...









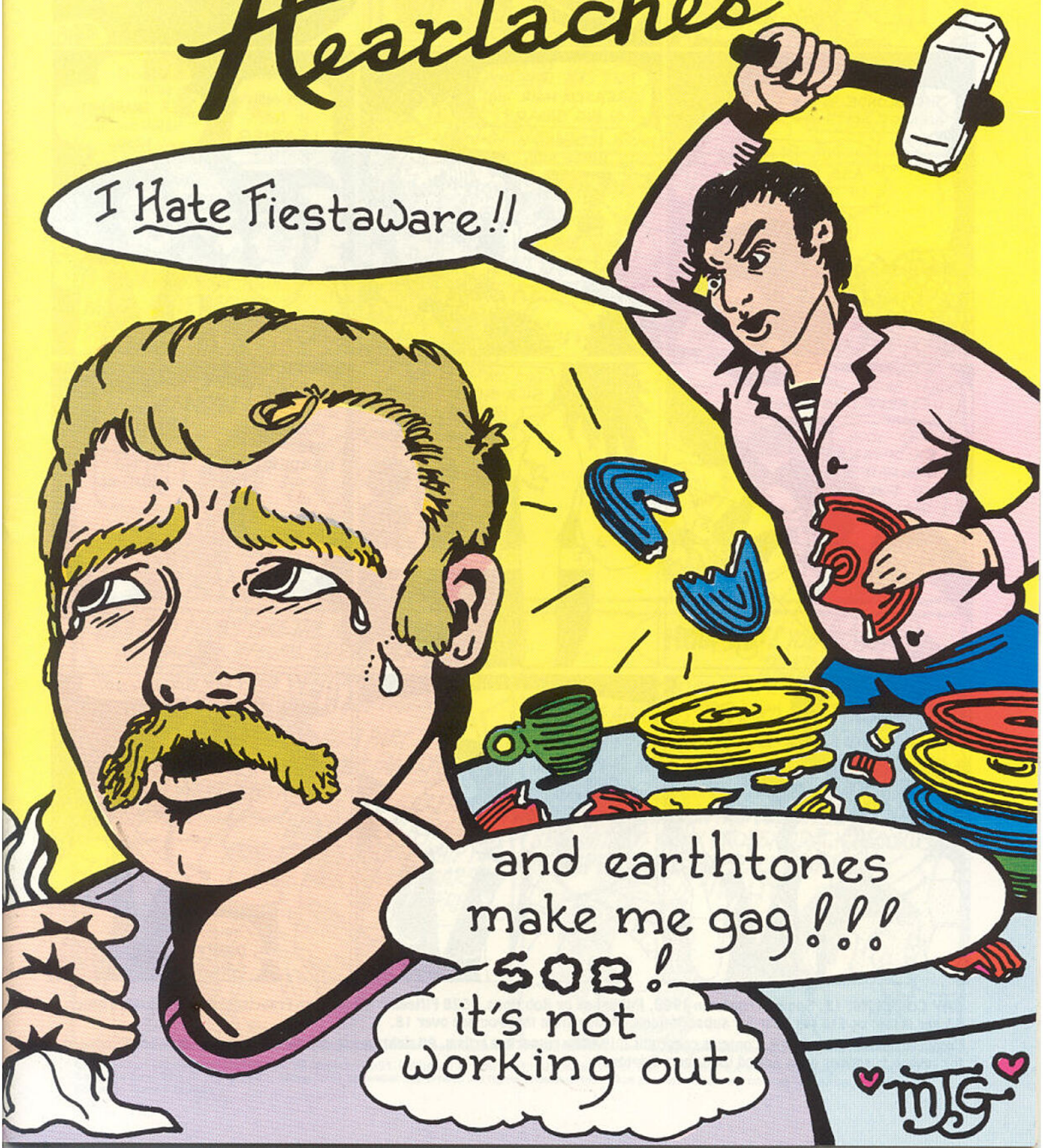


Looks like our heroines just can't win, huh? See how they get out of THIS scrape.. (OR, see if they DON'T... the next episode is the LAST...)

Mature Readers

GAY Heartaches

$2.50



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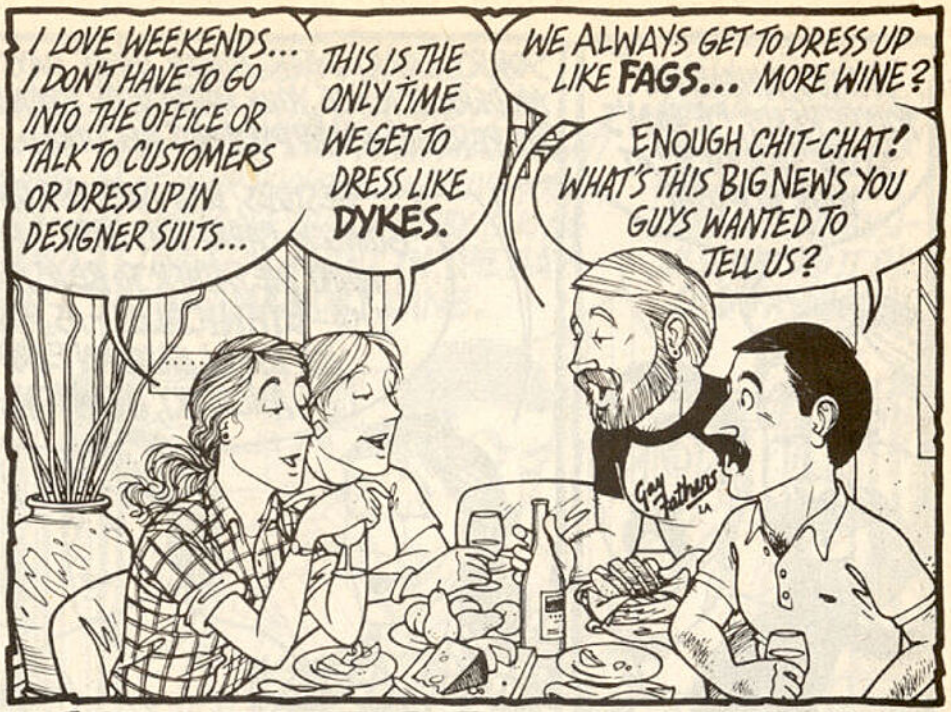
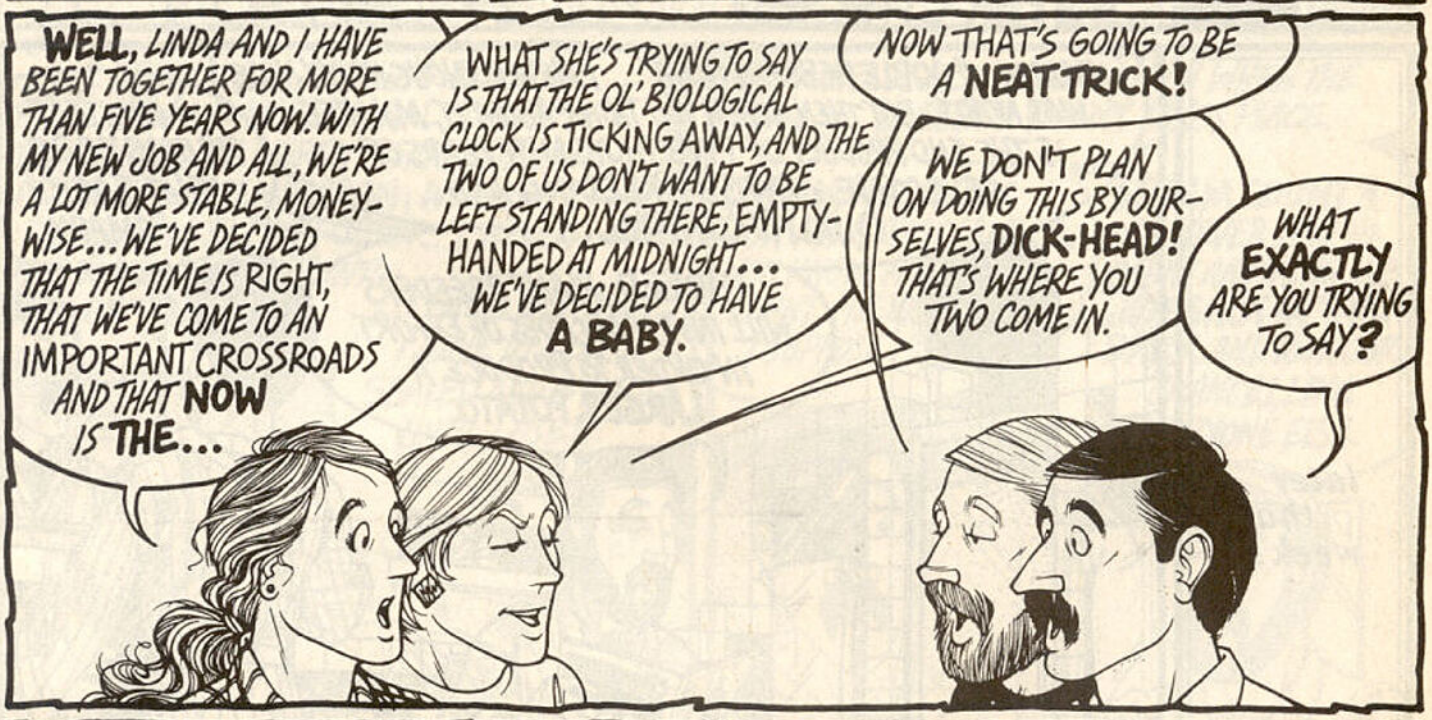
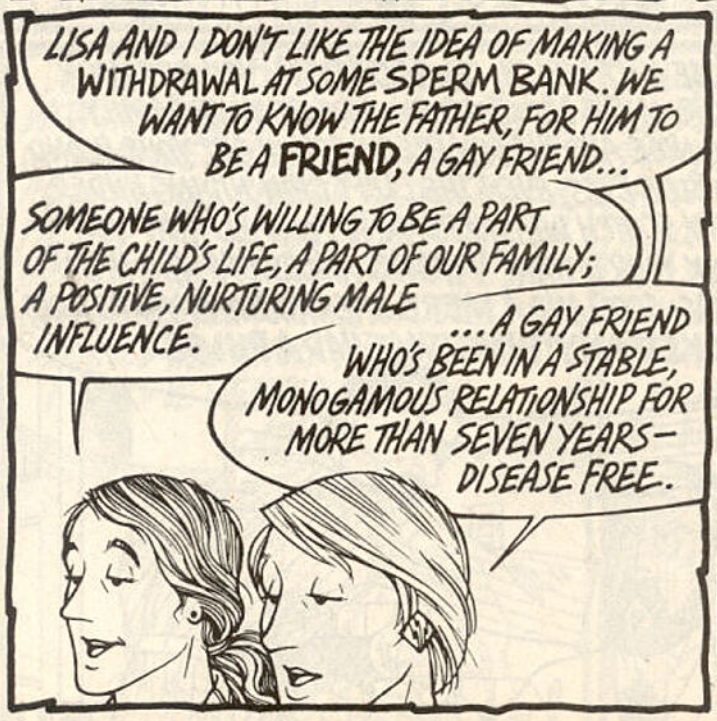
Leonard & Larry

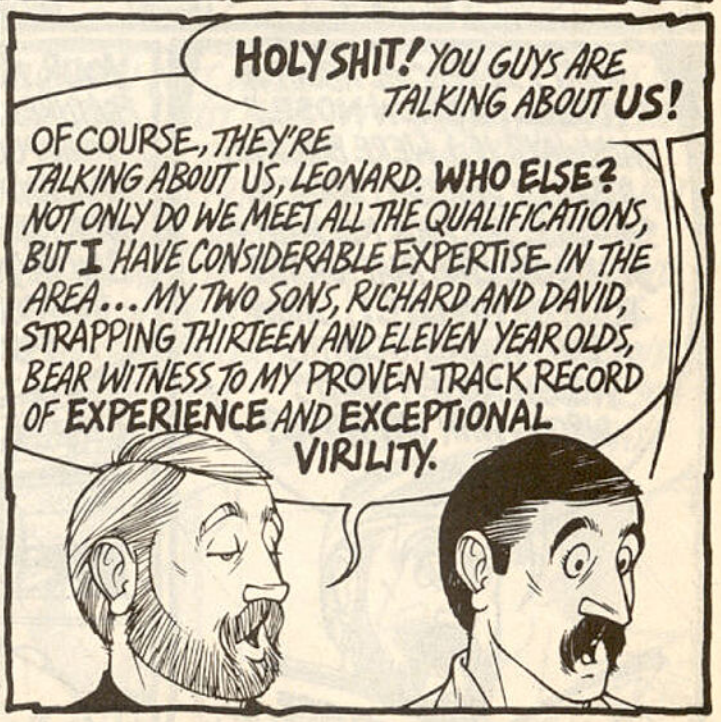
by TIM BARELA ©1988

and baby makes five









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Edited by Robert Triptow.

LADIES, WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, "EVAN'S STUD SERVICE" AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
SORRY, LARRY DEAR, BUT, IN THESE DAYS OF MODERN SCIENCE, YOUR PARTICULAR BRAND OF "EXPERTISE" IS HAPPILY NOT REQUIRED.
BESIDES, LISA ISN'T THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO CARRY THIS BABY. I AM, AND I WANT THE FATHER TO BE AS MUCH LIKE LISA—ETHNICALLY—AS POSSIBLE... YOU KNOW, EASTERN EUROPEAN ANCESTRY, JEWISH...
...ASIDE FROM THAT, WE BOTH JUST LOVE LEONARD'S NOBLE HEBREW NOSE.
Gay
later that week...
HMMM... "NOBLE HEBREW NOSE"... I NEVER THOUGHT MY NOSE WAS NOBLE. BUT THEN, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, MY NOSE IS THE END PRODUCT OF FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OF SELECTIVE JEWISH BREEDING AND QUALITY CONTROL...
I WILL TACTFULLY IGNORE THAT TACKY REMARK.
INDEED. PLANT BREEDERS WILL INVEST DECADES OF EFFORT IN ORDER TO PRODUCE A LARGER POTATO.
FRONTIERS
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT A "NOBLE HEBREW NOSE," ANYWAY? IF I WERE BUILDING A BABY, I WOULDN'T WANT TO SADDLE THE POOR KID WITH A SCHNOZ LIKE THAT FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!... HOW ABOUT AN ARISTOCRATIC WELSH NOSE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY NOSE?
YOUR NOSE ISN'T WELSH, IT'S SCOTTISH. YOU GET YOUR FEATURES FROM THE MACINTOSH SIDE OF YOUR FAMILY... YOUR PUG NOSE AND THE SUN FRECKLES YOU GET, YOUR BLOND HAIR AND BLUE EYES, EVEN THE CLEFT CHIN HIDING UNDER YOUR RUDDY, SCOTCH WHISKERS. AND FOR ALL THAT YOU CAN THANK YOUR DISTANT VIKING ANCESTORS WHO, UPON INVADING SCOTLAND A MERE ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, FUCKED ANYTHING THAT HAD A PULSE.

LEONARD, YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY GOING TO GO THRU WITH THIS, ARE YOU?
OF COURSE I AM. LINDA AND LISA ARE TWO OF OUR DEAREST FRIENDS — I ALREADY SAID, "YES!"
...YOU WERE ALL FIRED UP TO DO IT UNTIL LISA AND I LET YOU KNOW JUST WHAT WE THOUGHT OF YOUR PROPOSAL TO RELIVE YOUR HETEROSEXUAL PAST BY TAKING LINDA FOR A ROLL IN THE HAY DOWN MEMORY LANE.
WELL, HOW ELSE WOULD I KNOW HOW TO DO IT? WAY BACK WHEN I WAS IN THE BABY-MAKING BUSINESS, WE DID IT THE OLD FASHIONED WAY...
...WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ALL THESE NEW AND IMPERSONAL SCIENTIFIC TECHNIQUES. WE WEREN'T FAMILIAR WITH ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION; WE GOT FAMILIAR WITH EACH OTHER. I NEVER HAD TO WHACK-OFF INTO ONE OF THESE.
GIVE ME THAT! I HAVE TO KEEP IT SEALED AND STERILE UNTIL I USE IT.
WELL, JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN THE BLESSED EVENT TAKES PLACE.
LARRY, THIS ONE IS JUST FOR A TEST SAMPLE. YOU KNOW, A SPERM COUNT, H.I.V. TEST, I SUPPOSE.
SPERM COUNT? WE NEVER HAD TO COUNT ANYTHING. WE JUST SHOT IN THE DARK AND TOOK OUR CHANCES, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
...OF COURSE, YOU'LL BE DOING IT WITH THE LIGHTS ON. IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SIMULTANEOUSLY CHECK OUT THE CENTER FOLD OR READ A PIECE OF "ONE-HANDED" LITERATURE IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE FAG RAG...HEAVEN KNOWS, WE SHOULD'VE PLANNED THIS WHOLE THING BETTER; I COULD'VE RENTED A VIDEO...
...HOWEVER YOU DO IT, WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, I JUST HOPE THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO STORE THAT THING IN THE REFRIGERATOR. TOMORROW MORNING, BEFORE I'VE HAD MY COFFEE AND I'M STUMBLING AROUND IN THE KITCHEN TRYING TO MAKE BREAKFAST, I MIGHT MISTAKE IT FOR THE MARMALADE.
LARRY, WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM? YOU HAVE BEEN DOING NOTHING BUT BITCHING AND MOANING AND ACTING HOSTILE SINCE LINDA AND LISA WERE HERE SUNDAY!

MY PROBLEM IS THAT YOU'RE MY LOVER, THE OTHER HALF OF MY LIFE FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS! EVERY BRIDGE WE'VE COME TO, SINCE THEN, WE'VE CROSSED TOGETHER. BUT NOW, SUDDENLY, YOU'VE MADE A MAJOR LIFE'S DECISION AND I'M NOT A PART OF IT. YES, MY PRIDE'S BEEN HURT. YES, I'M JEALOUS. BUT MORE IMPORTANT, I JUST FEEL LEFT OUT.
HOW DO YOU THINK I'VE FELT ALL THESE YEARS? YOUR TWO KIDS HAVE BECOME A PART OF OUR LIFE TOGETHER. EVERY OTHER WEEKEND I'VE CARED FOR THEM WITH YOU, I'VE WATCHED THEM GROW, I'VE TRIED TO BE THEIR FRIEND AND, BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, I'VE COME TO LOVE THEM. BUT NO MATTER HOW CLOSE RICHARD AND DAVID AND I EVER BECOME, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE "DAD" AND I'LL ALWAYS, JUST BE LEONARD...
...GOSH, SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THAT EVERYBODY I KNOW IS A DAD. YOU AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS FROM "GAY FATHERS," BOTH MY BROTHERS, ALL OF MY MALE COUSINS... DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT EVEN DENNIS HAS A DAUGHTER? SHE LIVES IN BALTIMORE, SHE'S GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH... SHIT! PRETTY SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO SAY THAT MY EX-LOVER IS A GRAND FATHER...
...I KNEW THAT I WAS GAY WHEN I WAS TWELVE. AFTER THAT, I JUST WROTE OFF THE IDEA OF EVER BEING A FATHER. BESIDES, PARENTING WAS A PAIN I COULD LIVE WITHOUT... WELL, I'M NOT TWELVE ANYMORE, I'M THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD. MAYBE MY BIOLOGICAL CLOCK'S TICKING AWAY, TOO, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT BEING A PARENT—WITH ALL THE PAIN AND RESPONSIBILITY THAT'S INCLUDED—ISN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA, AFTER ALL... I WANT TO GIVE IT A TRY.
I STILL, KINDA' FEEL LEFT OUT.
I DIDN'T PLAN ON DOING THIS BY MYSELF, DICK-HEAD! I ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO BE A PART OF IT, NOW AND ESPECIALLY NEXT TIME. ...I WAS HOPING THAT YOU'D GIVE ME A HAND... GRAB THE "THING" AND TURN OFF THE LIGHT.
GEEZ!... IF I HAD EVER TOLD MY KIDS THAT THIS IS WHERE BABIES COME FROM, THEY WOULD'VE NEVER BELIEVED ME!
TIM BARELA ©1988

DOORDYKE
A MOSTLY TRUE STORY BY Joan Hilty
NO MINORS
HOW 'BOUT SOME I.D.?
THE NAME'S RONNIE, AND SOME NIGHTS, I REALLY EARN MY MONEY.
OH MY GOD! I CAN'T FIND IT!!
I MUST HAVE LEFT IT AT HOME!!!
LET ME IN ANYWAY??
I BET YOU'LL JUST CATCH THAT BUS IF YOU RUN, HON.
EAT MY BUSH
QUEER ME
LET'S LABIA
WITH THAT MANY POCKETS WE'D BE HERE ALL NIGHT....
CRASH
TINKLE
BITCH!! OPEN THIS DOOR!!!
C'MON JANIE.
IT'S LISA!!!
I KNOW. IT'S ALWAYS LISA.
SHE'S IN TH' BATHROOM SCREWING SOMEONE!!
OH.
OKAY!! BREAK IT UP!!
UH! UH! OOH! OH!
HEY! I WASN'T DONE!
YOU ARE NOW.
C'MON BABE! ALL YA NEED IZZA REAL MAN!!
RONNIE!! WHO LET THIS JERK IN???
:HIC: :SOB: I'M JUST A LONELY GUY, THASHALL!
YES, YES. NOW GO BE LONELY SOMEWHERE ELSE.
TAXI!!!
AT LAST... FIVE MINUTES OF RELATIVE PEACE...
AND NO ONE'S TRIED TO SNEAK IN.
SCURRY
WAS THAT A RAT??
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! A RAT! A HUGE RAT JUST RAN THROUGH TH' DOOR!!
EVERYONE WILL SEE IT AND FLIP OUT!! I GOTTA BE EXTRA COOL!!
SKULK SKULK
SNEAK SNEAK SNEAK
LOOK, EVERYONE! A HAMSTER!!
AWWWW!!!
!
I QUIT THIS JOB, I SWEAR!
BUT RONNIE! YOU SAY THAT EVERY WEEKEND!
I THINK I'LL CALL HER "GRETCHEN"!
END
©1991

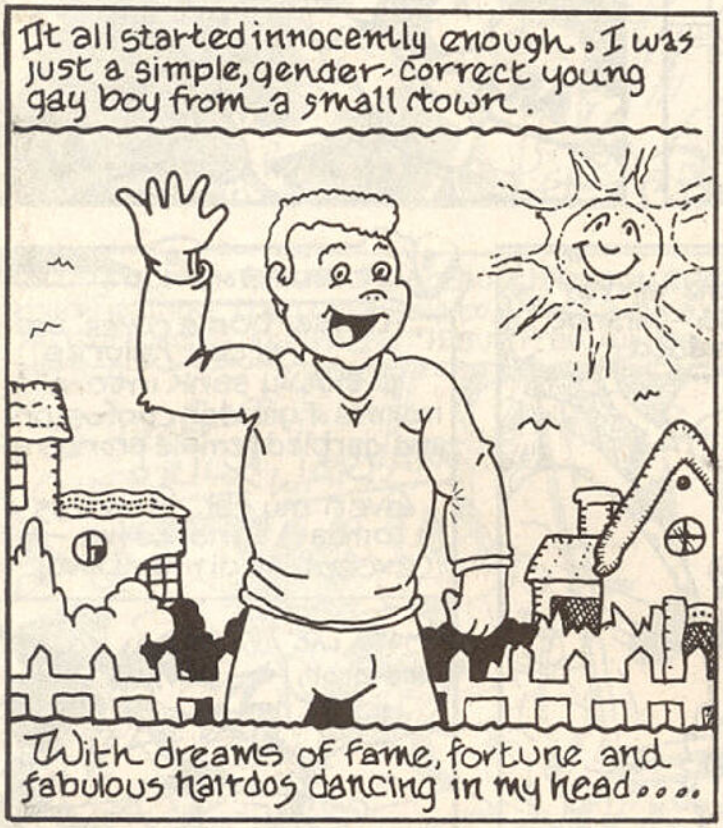
MY BOSS, AT FIRST GLANCE, IS VERY OPEN MINDED..
ALL THE GUYS I WORK WITH ARE GAY, LIKE MYSELF.
BYE, JIMMY- I'LL BE HOME AT 10:30 - I LOVE YOU!
..SHE'S COOL ABOUT IT
BUT TODAY I SAW HOW SHE TRULY FEELS..
YUCCCKK!!
SHE'S BEEN HELPING OUT A GIRL WHO'S HAD SOME BAD LUCK LATELY...
AND THEY'VE BECOME PRETTY CLOSE. THE GIRL HAD DEEPER FEELINGS.
AND THERE WAS A GIRL WHO COMES TO OUR RESTAURANT ALL THE TIME, WHO SCREWED UP ENOUGH GUTS TO CALL MY BOSS FOR A DATE.
?
SO SHE WENT OFF...
DO I LOOK DYKEY? WHAT'S GOING ON? GOD, THIS HAS BEEN THE WORST WEEK.. DON'T I LOOK FEMININE ENOUGH?
THE WORST PART HAPPENED WHEN THE WHITE TRASH DELIVERY BOY CAME TODAY...
..AND SHE ASKED ME FOR A DATE, ISN'T THAT DISGUSTING?
THAT'S A LOW BLOW!
GOD, THAT'S LOW-DOWN
SHE KNEW I WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY..
YEEUCCK!! IT'S SO DISGUSTING, I WANT TO PUKE!
YEAH, IT SURE IS. IT'S DISGUSTING!!
MAYBE I SHOULD LOOK MORE FEMININE!!
..LIKE HER!
SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND!!
MAYBE I SHOULDN'T FEEL INSULTED, BECAUSE IT'S POSSIBLE THAT BEING WITH A WOMAN DISGUSTS HER, BUT SHE HAS NO PROBLEM WITH MALE GAYNESS...
YUCK! POOEY ICK!
THAT'S LOW-DOWN, YCCCK!
OR MAYBE SHE PRETENDS THAT HOMOSEXUALITY IN ANY FORM IS COOL, WHEN IN FACT SHE THINKS IT'S DISGUSTING EVEN IF SHE'S NOT PERSONALLY INVOLVED..
GAG! BLECCH! UGG!
GROSS! YUCK! SICK!
MAYBE SHE'S TRYING TO ERADICATE ANY MUSINGS THAT SHE MIGHT BE GAY SO THAT A DUDE WILL ASK HER OUT. GODDAMMIT, I AM INSULTED!!
BOTH OF YOU BITCHES PROTEST TOO MUCH!!
BLUE

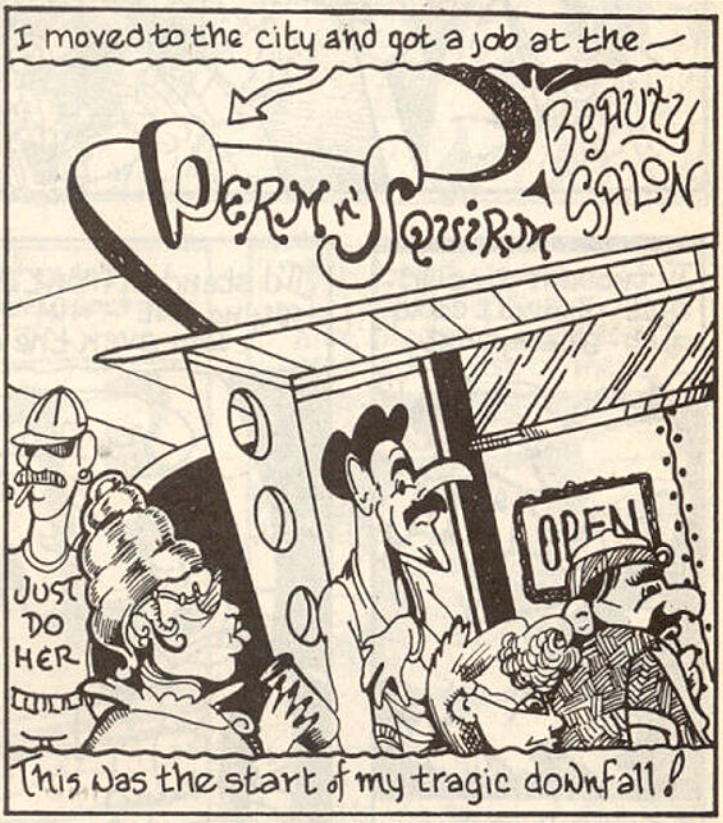
THIS IS A PUBLIC SERVICE CARTOON FOR GAY MEN (everywhere)

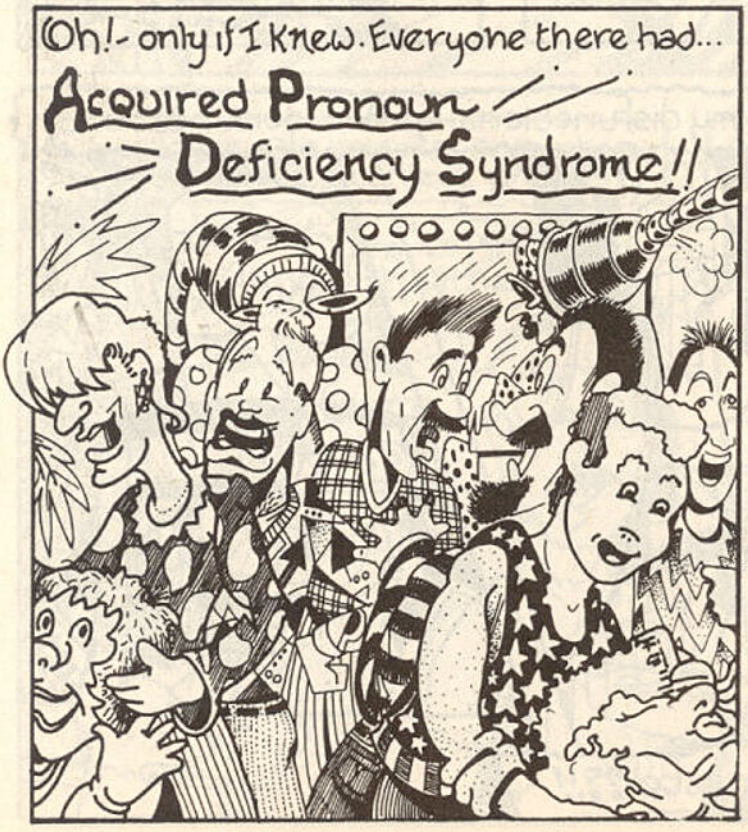
We're here to ~~dish~~ talk about....

ACQUIRED PRONOUN DEFICIENCY SYNDROME

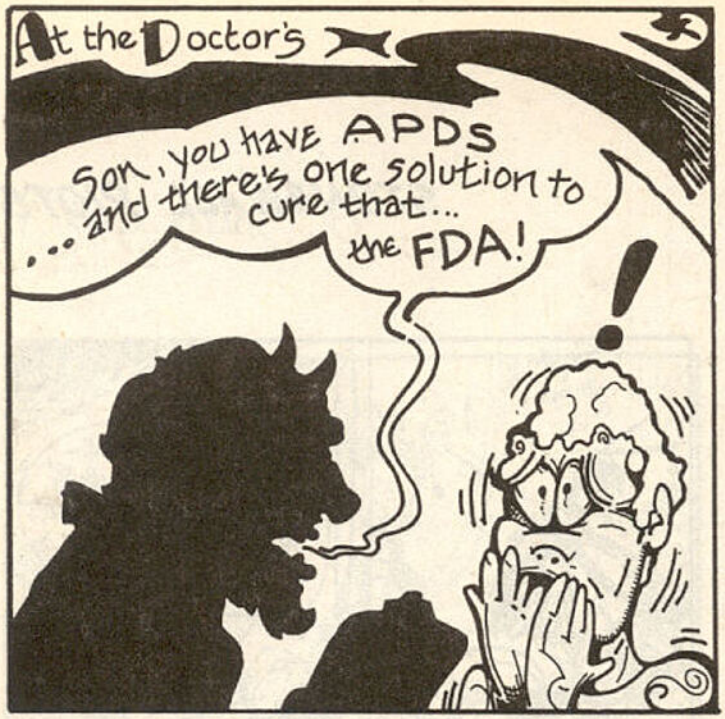
story by PETER KEANE © 1788 KEANE PRODUCTIONS

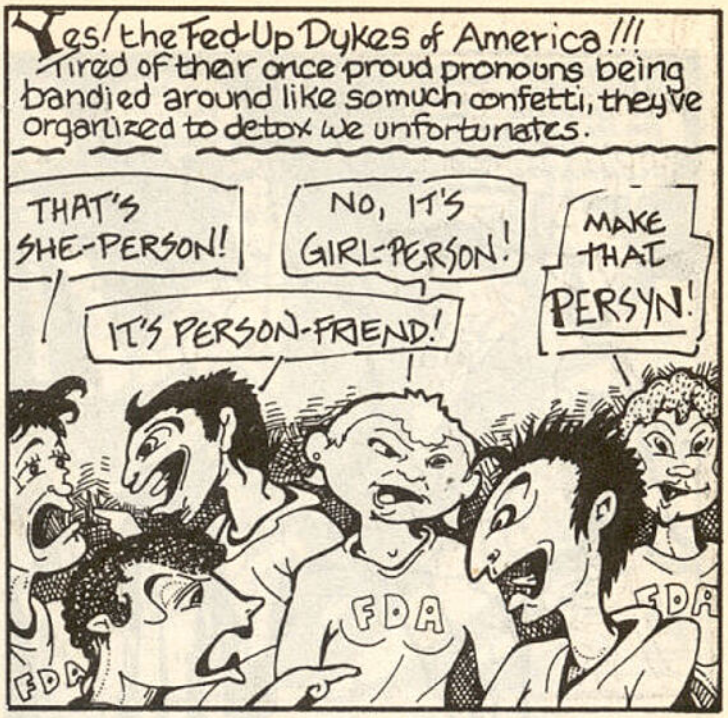


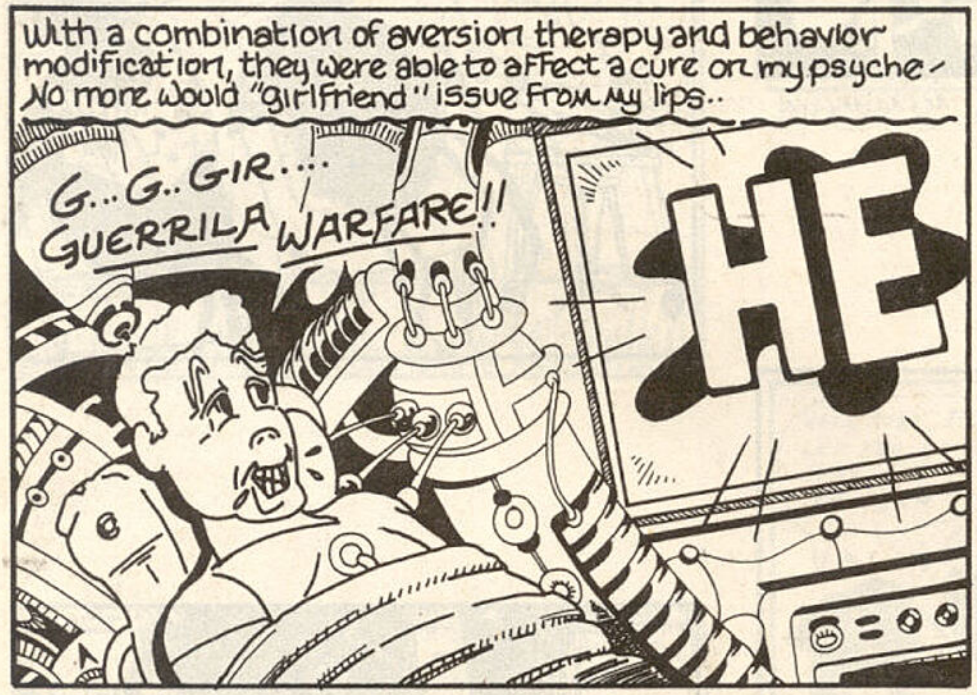


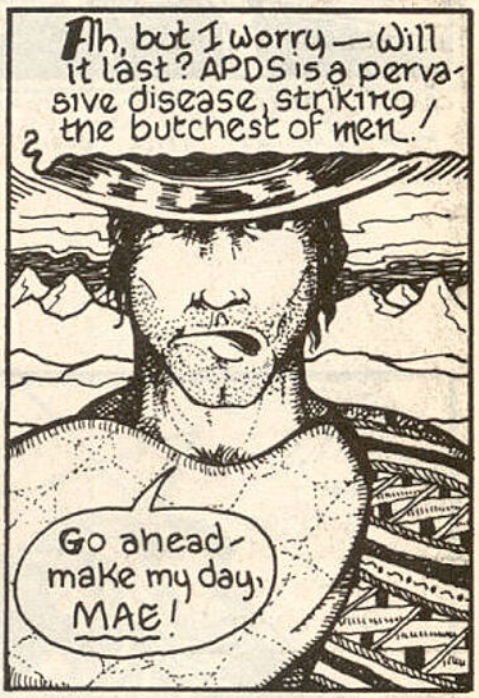


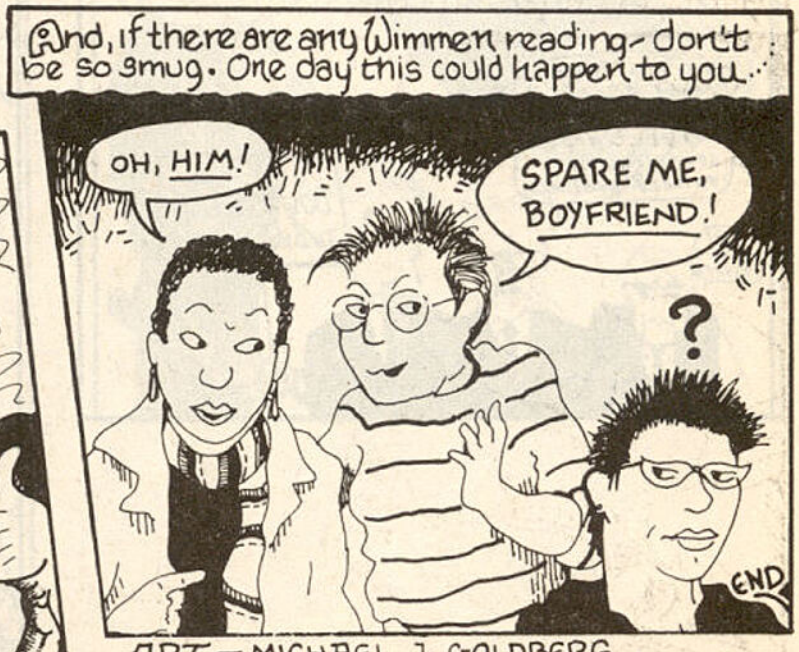
It started to affect all my conversations!!
Hello - GIRLFATHER (gulp)! I mean DAD
!?
.... and my state of mind!!
OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
SHE-I, SHE-I...
OH, MARY!!
NO!
DA
NO!
I THOUGHT I could quit - I knew I could quit - at anytime
HER
?
It wasn't really a problem. (HA!)
I'd stand in front of the mirror saying "HE" - "HIM" - "HIS" - "MISTER" and even the dreaded —
YO, DUDE!
BUT ALAS
These "home cures" are often failures
I slowly sank into a morass of gender confusion and garbled female pronouns
Even my cat, Princess (a tomcat) ignored me — (except at dinnertime)
Make wit' the grub, bub!
SOON, everything became the subject of my disfunctional gender identification
Cook Already, GIRLFISH!
... oh, Holy Virgin Mary, Mary
CHANGE, you bitch!
Was it too late ??!!











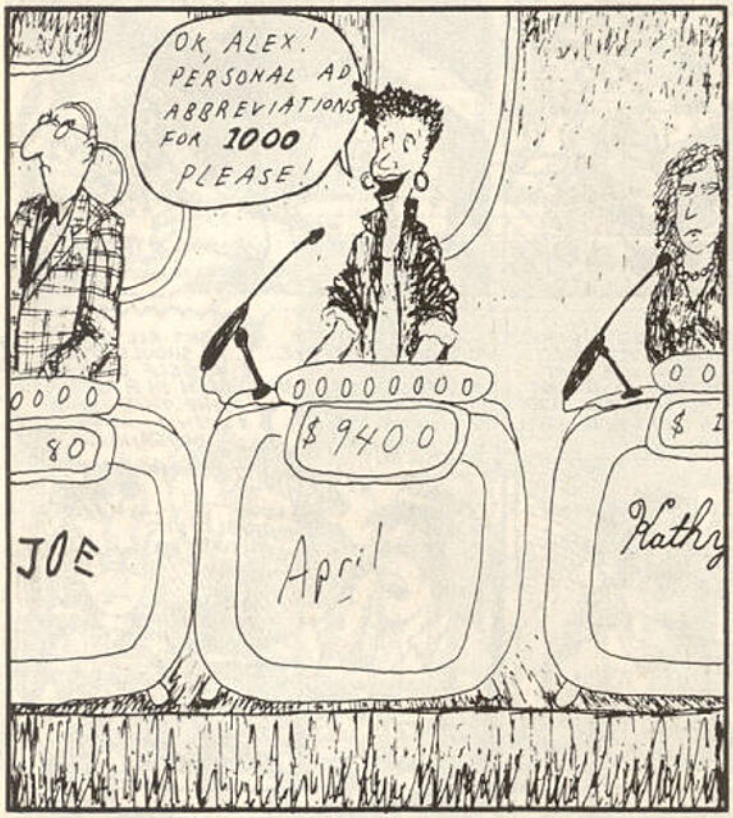
ART — MICHAEL J. GOLDBERG

THANKS TO VAUGHN + ROBERT ©1991

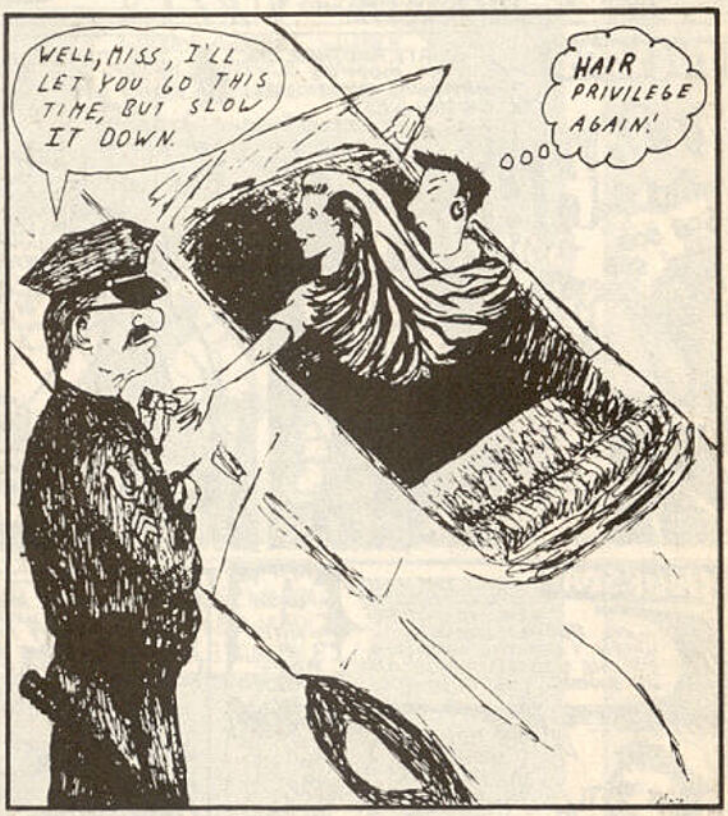
STONEWALL RIOTS

AFTER THREE MONTHS TONI'S RELATIONSHIP WITH JOY IS STILL CELIBATE.

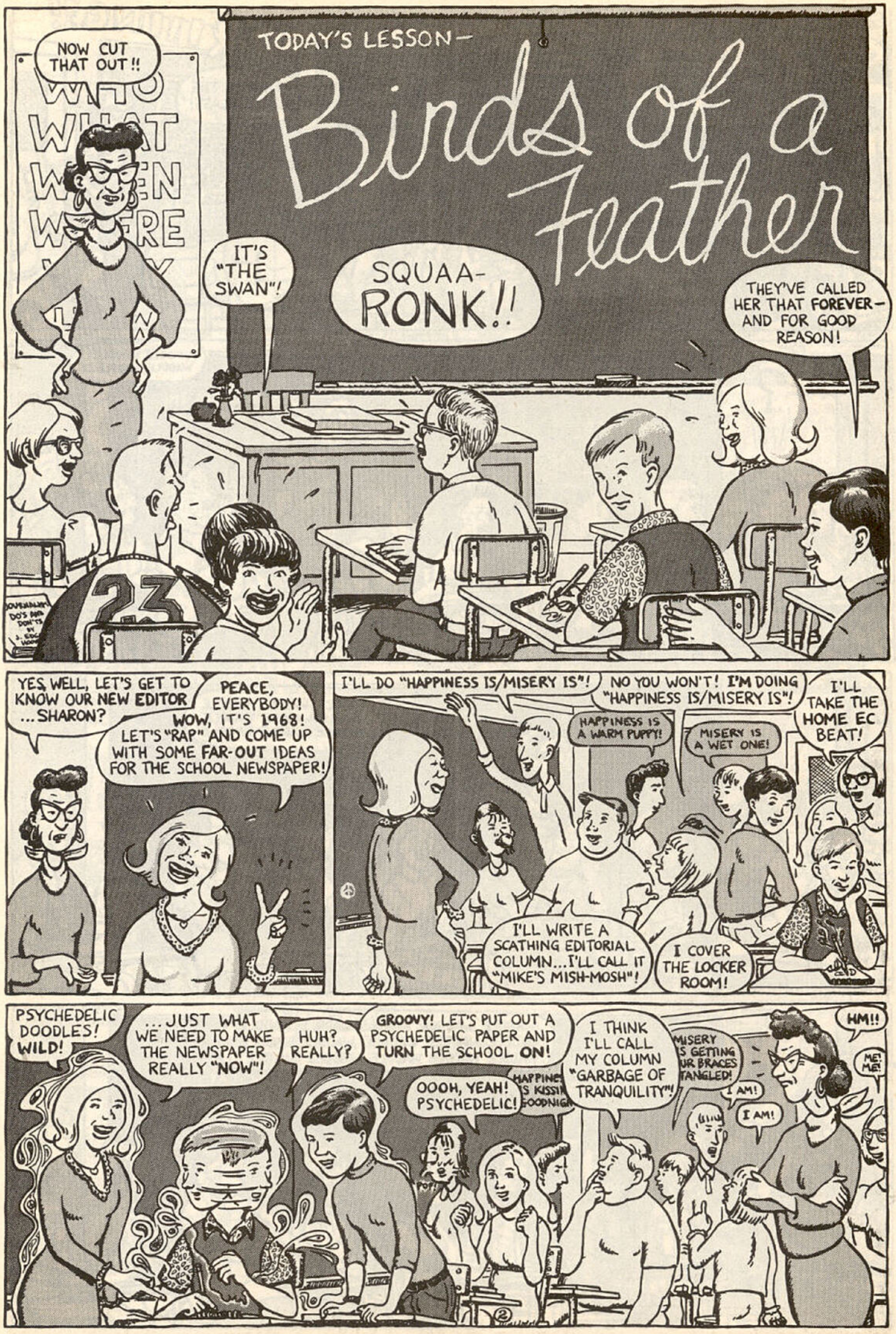
BY ANDREA NATALIE

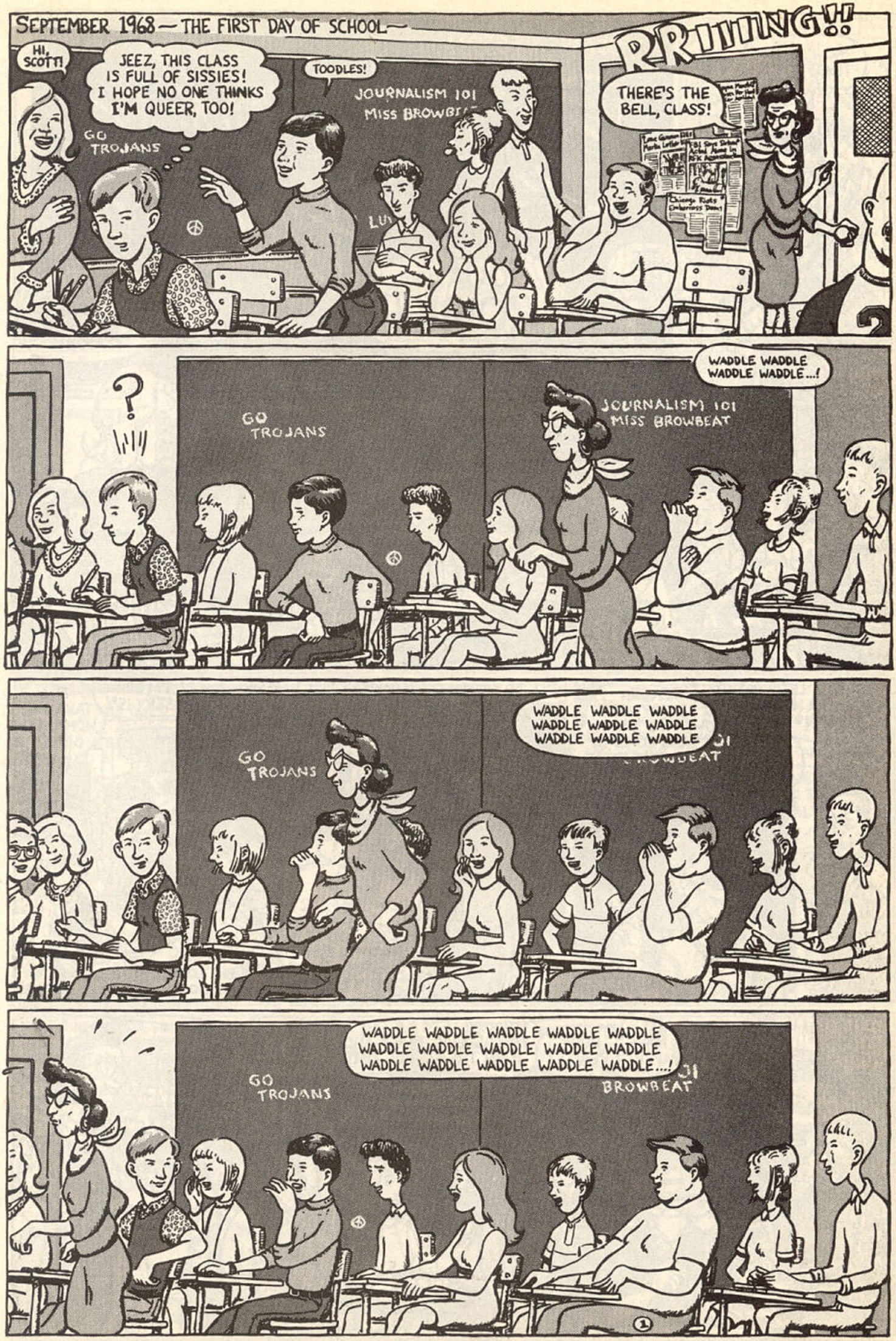


JESSE HELMS IS DISCOVERED IN THE CLOSET.



TEA and SYMPATHY
©1981 GROC
MONDAY
I WAS JUST FLICKING THROUGH THE LATEST ISSUE OF 'THE FACE' TO SEE IF I WAS FAMOUS YET (AS YOU DO-)
WHEN SUDDENLY...
SUDDEN PEROXIDE BLONDENESS
:PSAH!: NOT EVEN A MENTION
FITZHOL
KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHO'S THAT?
HEART-BREAK HOTEL COMING SOON! TEEN ANGELS IN ANGUISH
BOO-HOO!
DAVE DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE!
HELLO PETE C'MON IN
STRIP AIDS
HAVE A NICE CUP OF TEA AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
HE :SOB: STAYED OUT LAST NIGHT AND WOULDN'T TELL ME WHERE HE WAS - AND ON THURSDAY HE FORGOT MY BIRTHDAY - WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER :SOB: FIVE YEARS...
STRIPAIDS
... AND HE'S NEVER FORGOTTEN BEFORE... :CHOKE: -I SUPPOSE HE'S PAYING ME BACK FOR ME ACCIDENTLY SLEEPING WITH ANDY... :SOB: - BUT...
:TSK: ALL THIS FUSS HE SHOULD THINK HIMSELF LUCKY HE'S BEEN IN A RELATIONSHIP THIS LONG! I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND!
BLUBBER
SNIFFLE
HOW TERRIBLE! TUT-TUT!
TUESDAY
WAHHH
SOB SOB SOB
WHAT? ANOTHER ONE? THIS MUST BE NATIONAL EMOTIONAL CRISIS WEEK - HELLO "SNAKE" CUP OF TEA?
I'VE JUST BROKEN UP WITH KIM SHE DIDN'T LIKE THE POEM I WROTE ABOUT OUR LAST GAS BILL :SOB: IN FACT I'VE WRITTEN A POEM ABOUT OUR BREAK-UP DO YOU WANT TO HEAR IT?
SNIFF SNIFF
TSK SUCH A TRIVIAL THING TO FALL OUT OVER! I WOULDN'T JEOPARDIZE A RELATIONSHIP LIKE THAT :SIGH: WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
REALLY? OH DEAR
WEDNESDAY
WAH! HARVEY WON'T TIE ME UP AND WHIP ME ANYMORE :SOB: AND PHIL ISN'T TALKING TO ME NOW I'M SEEING BARRY...
HUH! DUANE HAS DOZENS OF BOY FRIENDS - WHEN I CAN'T FIND EVEN ONE - TUT I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
SOB SOB
SHAME, DEAR OH DEAR TSK-TSK
KLEENEX
THURSDAY
- AND THEN HE TOLD ME OFF FOR NOT WEARING RUBBER GLOVES WHEN I DID THE WASHING-UP! HE COOKED MINCE AND HE KNOWS I HATE MINCE...
I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
TUT-TUT WOULD YOU CREDIT IT!
FRIDAY
... AND THEN HE WORE MY BEST T-SHIRT AND WHITE JACKET TO THE PARTY OF COURSE THEY GOT COVERED IN RED WINE AND COFFEE - I SAID...
:SIGH: I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND
NO - HOW COULD HE? TSK-TSK
BLUB
SOB
SOB
SATURDAY!...
I WISH I HAD A BOYFRIEND (HINT - HINT!)
UH-UH! I WISH I'D BOUGHT SOME MORE TEA IN!


NOW CUT THAT OUT!!
TODAY'S LESSON—
Birds of a Feather
IT'S "THE SWAN"!
SQUAA-RONK!!
THEY'VE CALLED HER THAT FOREVER— AND FOR GOOD REASON!
YES, WELL, LET'S GET TO KNOW OUR NEW EDITOR ...SHARON?
PEACE, EVERYBODY! WOW, IT'S 1968! LET'S "RAP" AND COME UP WITH SOME FAR-OUT IDEAS FOR THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER!
I'LL DO "HAPPINESS IS/MISERY IS"!
NO YOU WON'T! I'M DOING "HAPPINESS IS/MISERY IS"!
I'LL TAKE THE HOME EC BEAT!
HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUPPY!
MISERY IS A WET ONE!
I'LL WRITE A SCATHING EDITORIAL COLUMN... I'LL CALL IT "MIKE'S MISH-MOSH"!
I COVER THE LOCKER ROOM!
PSYCHEDELIC DOODLES! WILD!
... JUST WHAT WE NEED TO MAKE THE NEWSPAPER REALLY "NOW"!
HUH? REALLY?
GROOVY! LET'S PUT OUT A PSYCHEDELIC PAPER AND TURN THE SCHOOL ON!
OOOH, YEAH! PSYCHEDELIC!
I THINK I'LL CALL MY COLUMN "GARBAGE OF TRANQUILITY"!
I AM!
I AM!
HM!!
ME! ME!


SEPTEMBER 1968 — THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL —
HI, SCOTT!
JEEZ, THIS CLASS IS FULL OF SISSIES! I HOPE NO ONE THINKS I'M QUEER, TOO!
GO TROJANS
TOODLES!
JOURNALISM 101
RRIIING!!
THERE'S THE BELL, CLASS!
?
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE...!
JOURNALISM 101
MISS BROWBEAT
GO TROJANS
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
GO TROJANS
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE
WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE WADDLE...!
GO TROJANS
BROWBEAT

THAT EVENING...
I SWEAR, IT'S EXACTLY LIKE NAZI GERMANY!
IT'S NOT FAIR! I NEVER EVEN THOUGHT OF WRITING ABOUT DRUGS!
IT'S "SOCK IT TO ME" TIME!
I'VE NEVER EVEN TAKEN ANY!
YOU BET YOUR BIPPY!
—HAVE YOU?
NOT YET...!
MAYBE WE CAN DO AN EXPOSÉ ON DR. WALLY.... MY UNCLE HOWARD WAS A CLASSMATE OF HIS AT HARVARD!
OH, BROTHER!
WHAT A BORING NEWSPAPER IT'S GOING TO BE!
...AND NOW OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL GUEST, MR. TINY TIM!
TOO MUCH!
CAMP!
♪ TIP-TOE... ♪ THROUGH THE TU-LIPS... WITH ME-E-E-E-E-E-E!
THE NEXT DAY...
JUST WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR "BEAUTIFUL AND WRINKLE FREE"?
IT CONTAINS INAPPROPRIATE MATERIAL FOR THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER!
WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?
IT'S THIS REFERENCE TO "DONOVAN"... ISN'T THAT A TRANQUILIZER?
SHE MAY HAVE A POINT THERE!
DON'T THINK YOU CAN PUT ANYTHING PAST ME!
OH, REALLY, SHARON!
DONOVAN IS A FOLKSINGER, MISS BROWBEAT! YOU'RE THINKING OF "DARVONS"!
WHAT A COLORFUL STYLE OF WRITING!! WELL, A COMPLEXION COLUMN SEEMS LIKE A GOOD IDEA! I REMEMBER MY OWN BLEMISH PROBLEM AS A TEENAGER!
YOU, A TEENAGER? WITH ACNE? THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!
YOU'RE SWEET!
WHAT A NAIVE OLD VIRGIN! ...I THINK I'LL JUST SPICE UP MY COLUMN A LITTLE, TOO!! SHE'LL NEVER CATCH ON!
THE FIRST ISSUE APPEARS...
TOOODLES!
HAVE YOU READ "DANNY DOVE," MIKEY?
I SIMPLY SHRIEK WITH LAUGHTER EVERY TIME I THINK OF IT!
TOOODLES!
"LUV" AND KISSES!
FAR OUT!
ONE IS ENCOURAGED TO REACH FOR MORE
4

A FEW DAYS LATER...
IS IT PSYCHEDELIC ENOUGH?
I CAN'T READ ANY OF THE HEADLINES! IT'S PERFECT, RICHARD!
GROOVY NEWS
SWINGIN '69 IS ON THE HORIZON!
HAPPINESS IS THE WEEKEND
MISERY IS HOMEWO
ALL RIGHTY, WHO NOTICES ANY DIFFERENCE IN ME? COME ON, NOW!
WHO CARES?
SQRONK!
WELL, LOOK HOW MUCH LONGER MY HAIR IS THAN YESTERDAY!
WOW, YEAH— IT SURE GROWS FAST!
IT'S A FALL, SILLY!
OH, REALLY, MISS BROWBEAT? NO!!
HERE'S THE ART FOR THE FIRST ISSUE, MISS BROWBEAT!
OH, MY! WELL—
LET'S DISCUSS IT IN MY OFFICE, WHY DON'T WE.
... I'M NOT CERTAIN WHY YOU WANT TO WASTE YOUR TALENTS ON SUCH QUESTIONABLE EFFORTS.
WHY, I CAN'T EVEN READ THE HEADLINES!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THEY'RE PERFECTLY LEGIBLE!
WELL, THIS DOES LOOK LIKE AN "L" —AND THERE'S AN "S" AND A "D"!
UH... THAT'S FOR "LDS," MISS BROWBEAT— THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
"THE MORMONS!"
AND WHAT DOES THIS MEAN...? "A FRIEND WITH SPEED IS A FRIEND INDEED!"
FAST FRIENDS
WELL, THAT MAKES SENSE....
BUT THIS "HITCHHIKING" STORY HAS TO GO! AS WE ALL KNOW, HITCHHIKING IMPLIES TAKING A TRIP, AND TAKING A TRIP MEANS TO TAKE DRUGS!
NIXON'S THE ONE
NIXON/AGNEW '68
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT AT ALL!
JUST WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DRUGS, SCOTT?
OUR PRINCIPAL, DR. WALLY, IS ALERT TO DRUG USE AMONG STUDENTS, AND HE'LL ALLOW NOTHING RELATED TO IT IN THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER! HE'S REALLY QUITE FIRM ON THE SUBJECT!
WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS! FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!!
PERHAPS, SHARON, A MALE STUDENT SUCH AS KEVIN PSHAWSTEAD OR MIKE CURTSY WOULD BE A MORE ...TRADITIONAL EDITOR!
THE ONE
NIXON/AGNEW'68
I GUESS I'D BETTER GET STARTED ON "HAPPINESS IS/ MISERY IS"!
TEACHERS OFFICE
ARE WE GONNA LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS?? WE SHOULD ORGANIZE THE STUDENTS AND DEMONSTRATE! MAYBE TAKE OVER THE CAFETERIA!
LET'S PLOT STRATEGY AT MY HOUSE TONIGHT!
WHAT? AND MISS "LAUGH-IN"?

Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

Sweet things! Yes, loved ones, school has begun. Now, darlings, I am not what you would call a school hater, but it seems to me that summer was so short that my eyes sometimes cry with the remorse of a baby hungry for its dinner.

I am new here at Happy Valley High, and I fell in luv with your go-get-em school the moment I saw it. To step inside the halls and view your pink and green colored lockers and walls was certainly a different kind of experience for a plain fellow like me.

On registration day I met one of your lovable and radiant counselors. I was informed that I would have to cut my hair off and shave my sexy little beard. It was a bummer and a tick-off because I just had a permanent, a gentle Toni; and then I had to lose all my swirly squirrely locks. Dismay is only part of my story.

The first day of school came, and I entered with my luv and kisses to all those who made my acquaintance. It was ever so much fun! I met a groovy chick named Fred in my shorthand class. She is so fab and cool, and she asked me to the Hello Dance. Now I don't know what you wear to these dances. You see, I have a new formal (SUIT, weird mind!), and I am just dying to show it off.

That adorable minstrel Donovan was in our dear City of Saints recently. He put on a fabulous flowery show full of luv and sentiment. It brought tears of rapture to my eyes when he sang "Mellow Yellow." It reminded me of bygone days when we all went from penny loafers to sandals, the other guys finally started wearing beads, and I changed my name from Ralph to Danny. Oh, Donovan, I LUV you!

Your principal, Dr. Wally, will be proud of me. At the Smegma High game Friday I sang the school song at the top of my lungs in my penetrating tenor along with the rest of all you Trojan fans. For some odd and peculiar reason, all the people around me got up . . . and left! That didn't show much school spirit, I'm afraid.

But I do luv so many things about your movin' groovin' school, like the posy garden under your stamp-ramp, the mess hall where I buy all my fruit, and, most of all, the girls' locker room. I discovered it quite by accident. I asked a teacher for directions, and she pointed to the wrong one. I doubt I will make that mistake again, because they almost made me stay.

Oh, I am definitely going to have a jolly time with all you darlings this year. I certainly hope we will be encountering one another soon. If you happen to see a six-foot-four, 132-pound sweetheart in the halls, say TOODLES!

Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

While soundly snoozing, have you ever been awakened by the terrible and agonizing sound of vicious little blemishes singing, "We are acne pimples, NA NA NA NA NA NA!"?

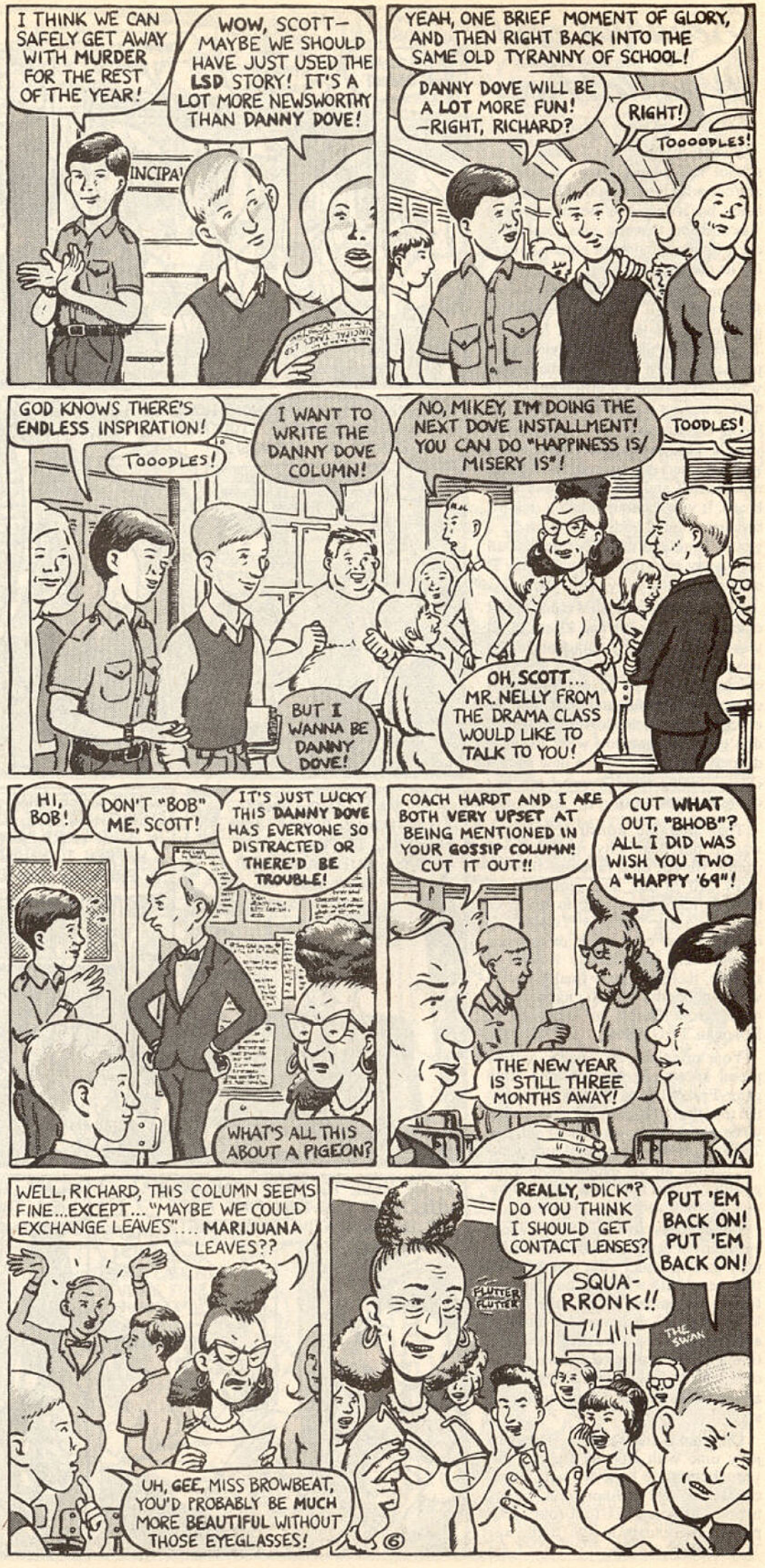
Oh! What a curse, what an evil omen, what a mess! Now, if all you dear sweethearts—and you girls, too—want a peachy-creamy complexion like mine, then follow this beautiful and wise advice. Give up Clearasil, Fresh-Start, Happy Face, and Stridex. In my past experiences they have utterly failed to give me that skin you love to touch! I, therefore, use the old-fashioned remedies that my dear Grandmother Dove (bless her fragile bones) gave me from the rest home.

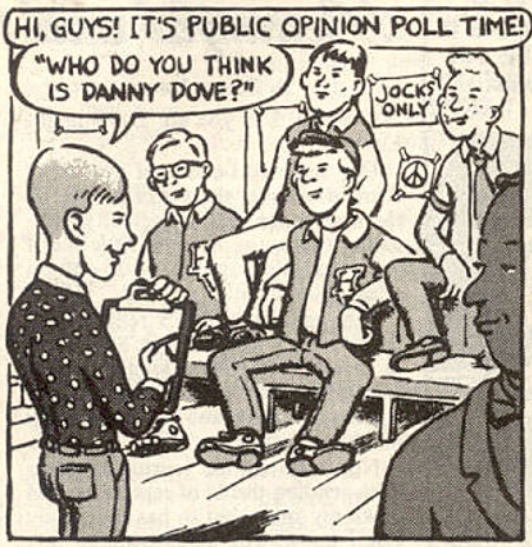
Every morning at dawn (early to bed, early to rise!), before combing the snarls out of your hair, wash your face with Ivory soap and gently scrub it with a piece of steel wool. It's so invigorating!!! To soften my skin, I apply a bottle of lemon juice and half a jar of creamy-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter (other brands don't have such an artistic label). After it has soaked in for a few minutes, I remove it with Clorox. Then my skin stays fresh for hours. And it's so fragrant! I never have complexion problems anymore. I suppose clean and virtuous living has a lot to do with it, too.

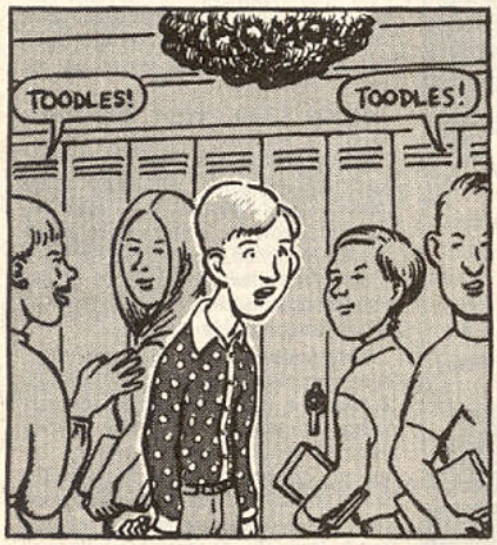
But one must be on guard every minute. We were passing a drive-in theatre the other night, and they were showing *Valley of the Dolls*. I immediately shielded my eyes from the horrid sights being flashed across the screen, but the imprint of what I had seen still lingers on. Alas, I can no longer claim purity. Oh, balderdash on my soul!!

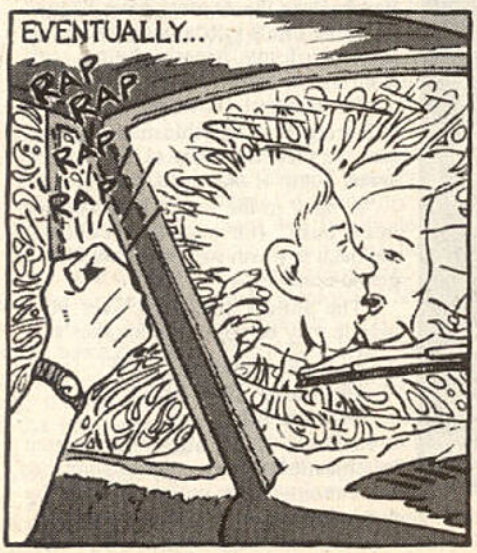
Homecoming is a new and exciting thing for me to experience. I went around for three whole days trying to figure out what a homecoming was! I didn't know of anyone who had gone away. Everyone was here who had been coming. I guessed that it was for some poor, sweet student who had been ill and was about to join our happy little family again . . . perhaps some dear boy who had been injured in the savage but manly sport of football. Little did I know that all the students of years-gone-by returned upon that poignant, nostalgic day to renew all of their old friendships. Touching, isn't it? Wasn't that silly of me to get it all mixed up???

I would like to invite the entire studentbody to the mountaintops this coming weekend so we can share the glorious rapture of the autumn scenery that I partake of. Fred (that girl from my shorthand class) and I are going, and we'd luv to see you there. Maybe we could exchange leaves!









Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

Dearest Trojans!!!!

Now, sweethearts, I wish somebody would tell me what a "Spirit Week" is. All I know about it is what I've guessed: It must have something to do with those horrid creatures, ghosts. And I'm so deathly afraid of ghosts! I just wonder why we don't have Spirit Week during Halloween?

I recently heard the funniest joke. I simply must share it with you all! I heard it from our dear, magnetic cheerleader, Tommy Muscle. Here it is. Ready? Who fired the last seven shots into dear Mussolini? Give up? Five hundred Italian sharpshooters, that's who? Oh, I simply shriek with laughter every time I think of it, even though I absolutely abhor violence.

Oh! I'm so glad snow weather is at last upon us. My friends and I have been planning such fun things as making snowmen for ages! We make our snowmen with snowballs—we all aim at a pole or some such inanimate object that can't throw back, and we throw as many snowballs as we can find at it. When we're finished: Ah! Voila! A perfect image of faculty, friends, and fools.

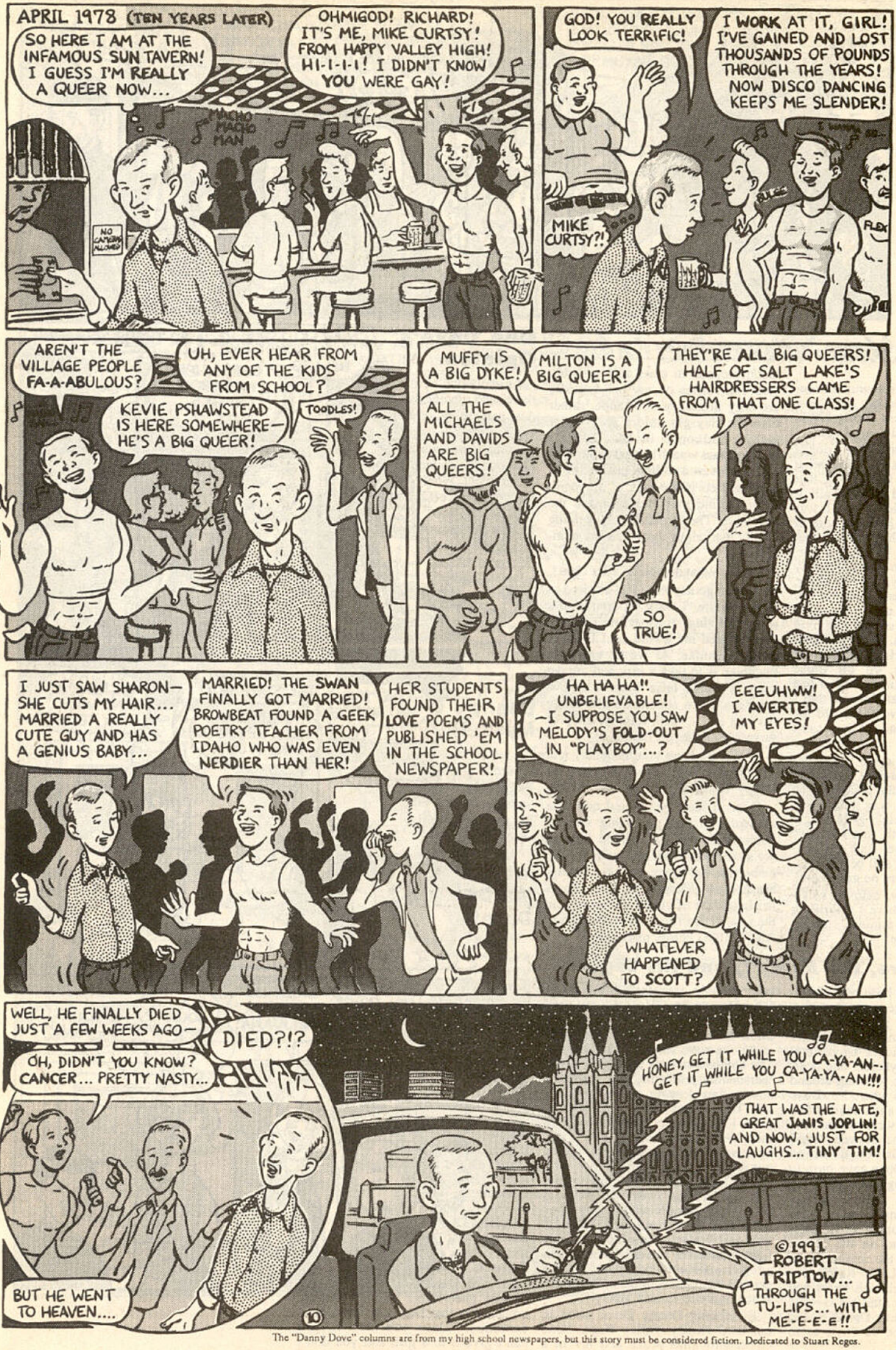
I was so distressed when I heard that football was ending, but surprise surprise! I learned that we would be engaged with the delights of basketball. I've always liked basketball so much more than football because it's indoors—and the players wear such cute little uniforms.

Merry Christmas, sweet things! Oh, darlings, I'm so glad that Christmas time is at last upon us. I've been looking forward to it for simply ages. It's that vibrant time of year when luv abounds and men join hands in true brotherhood. It's also the time when that jolly fat man comes sliding down my chimney to unload his bag full of goodies!

Mr. Santa is such a sweet soul, I've always admired him so! I adore his lusty "Ho ho ho!" Ever since I was but a mere child in diapers, I've wanted to go to the North Pole to join in all the fun activities going on with all those elves. And this year I got a letter from Mr. Santa saying I could be his helper! I can hardly wait!!! Mr. Santa is so fabulous.

Have you done all your Christmas shopping yet? Remember, there is only a short little while until the big day arrives. Fred (that girl in my shorthand class) and I have already exchanged remembrances. If none of you will tell her, I'll let you in on what I gave her: a set of barbells! I don't know yet what she gave me, but I do so hope it's nutritious.

That's all for now, sweethearts, and I hope you have an exhilarating Christmas! Luv you all!



The "Danny Dove" columns are from my high school newspapers, but this story must be considered fiction. Dedicated to Stuart Reges.

Beautiful and Wrinkle Free

by Danny Dove

Luv you! Luv you all! Luv you all! Luv you all! Luv!

Oh, that's all I can utter ever since I found out that the sweet people on the newspaper staff are actually dedicating this entire issue to little me! I was absolutely giddy with delight when I found out!

I'm basically an extremely shy person, but I would never, ever stand in the way of entertaining and educating the dear public, even if it is with such mundane things as my humble life story.

Not only has the journalism class been sending thrills of rapture up and down my spine, but so has everybody else I know. The administration was so kind to put those beautiful, new, soft-as-clouds benches in the halls that I jumped up and down on the upholstery and let screams of enthrallment spring from my lips! Now I can lie down on them during lunch, which is when I practice my yoga.

I suppose all of my dear friends and readers would like to know what I got for Christmas from Fred, that girl in my shorthand class. Well! It was certainly a surprise to me! It was a huge, glossy, 9-by-12-foot photo of dear Tiny Tim. Fred had the idea that Mr. Tiny is my idol! This is not true, although I do think he is an absolutely delightful personality, a trend-setter, and a beautifully talented singer. For all of you who are under the same misimpression, I must let the real truth out of the closet. My idol is dear Mr. John Wayne. He is so utterly masculine, beating up on those naughty Indians, Nazis, and other bad sorts in his dear, dear movies, that I long to share his adventures and the lusty life that he leads. I just can't help but adore him!!!

I bought a ticket to the Computer Dance, but unfortunately it was called off. I was thoroughly disappointed and disgusted, but I was told it was because only about eight girls bought tickets. I don't think that's a very good reason to cancel such a stimulating event. It could still be a movin' time even if there were no girls there!

That's all for now, beloved classmates, I must go. There's a thrilling movie on in a few minutes starring dear Mr. John Wayne!

Make Luv, Not Sports

Being an average, typical, normal American person, I naturally adore sports, with hopscotch and jacks being my favorites. However, if peace and luv are to be maintained, the lives of all those adorable creatures of our woodlands should never be threatened nor endangered. Horrors, no!

Deer-hunting is one such sport that, in my opinion, should be obliterated. If one is a firm believer in reincarnation like myself, one really worries about all those thousands of poor, innocent deer being shot to their deaths in the forests of this sweet nation of ours! One wonders if any of the Bambi-deer the hunters have bagged might be one's reincarnated relatives! Several of my friends, being such dear, sweet people, agree that killing deer is an act of violence!

During this horrible hunting season, we picketed many of the hunting areas. Some of our signs read:

"A buck in the wallet is worth two in the bush." (Or was that "A buck in the bush is worth two in the wallet"? I get so confused.)

"The antlers you hang over your mantle may be your grandmother's."

"Hunt for truth, not for deer."

"Deer today, none tomorrow."

"Deer are dear!"

Recently I was utterly devastated by objections to my column admiring the cunning little uniforms worn by our beloved basketballers. Goodness! I don't understand the problem. Why, in the gym classes of ancient Greece, the boys wore nothing at all!

Danny Dove, the Man (?) and His Legend

Danny Dove was born of an ordinary, typical, average, normal, white, middle-class family, just like the rest of us. His father, a nosegay arranger by the name of Dickie Dove, met Mabel "Crusher" Dykester one post-war December while loitering around a San Francisco gym where Mr. Dove worked part-time as a manicurist. She proposed, and they were married the same day. Sometime between 1950 and 1954 (the records were destroyed in an arson), Mrs. Dove gave birth to a son while breaking the world sky-diving record.

The proud parents named their baby Ralph Smithsonian Dove, after the hamburger stand on the corner (Ralph's Eats) and the institution in Washington, D.C. Little Ralph was never very happy with his name and changed it to Danny after his favorite mountain man. "I adore Daniel Boone and would luv to be so virile as to wrestle with a bear!"

When Danny was eight years old, continuously transferred from one school to another. "Heavens, my darling Crusher and I didn't know what to think of it," reports Mr. Dove. "I mean, we were simply flabbergasted! The counselors kept telling us it was 'personality problems,' but my goodness!—they'd never go into any detail. They'd just laugh to themselves when I'd stomp my foot and confront them. We finally deduced that it was because of some horrid girls giving our dear son a hard time. I mean, we adore Danny and are absolutely positive that he's too sweet and gentle to be a nasty troublemaker. But when he'd come home from each school all torn and bruised from those terrible fights started by those wicked, wicked girls, all evidence pointed to a general breakdown of discipline in the school system! I mean, really!!!"

Eventually Danny Dove came to our own Happy Valley High. "One could only find peace and luv in a school with such a tranquil name," inconspicuous in class as I possibly can. The ruffles on my bell-bottoms are only in mauve and taupe, rather than the day-glo colors so popular today. And once in Mr. Toiler's biology class—such a lewd subject—I was discovered hiding in the specimen cabinets in the back of the room. I don't mind that they've made me stay there. The formaldehyde is doing simply marvelous things for my complexion!

INTERVIEW (cont. from p. 1)

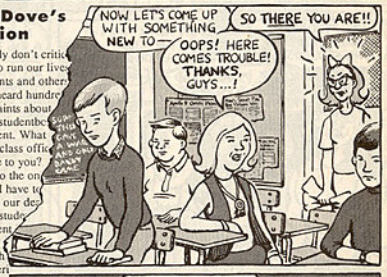
Horse: What do you do after class?

Dove: I go anyplace I'm allowed to enjoy Nature. I walk, of course. It's so revitalizing! Besides, no one has ever offered me a ride, and I would never hitchhike. As we all know, to hitchhike is to take a trip, and to take a trip is to take false drugs! I believe a person's life should be ultimately devoted to . . . well, frankly, the preservation of the . . . body.

Horse: So have you made any real friendships with other Trojans at Happy Valley High?

Dove: I fear I've caused quite the scandal at school by being seen in public with that girl named Fred in my shorthand class. It's really all too embarrassing! Once we accidentally brushed shoulders in the hall. It was in plain sight of virtually everyone in the school! Horrors! I don't believe in ANYTHING before marriage.

One Dove's Opinion



I usually don't critic
those who run our lives
dear parents and other
but I've heard hundre
of complaints about
our poor studentbc
government. What
have our class offic
ever done to you?
Really! So the on
message I have t
deliver to our de
adorable stude
government
Put some
fruit mach
the cafeter
we'll leave
alone.

Danny's
Music No

I would have
luvved to see D
Purple when th
were in our city,
but alas! I'm jus
color-blind.

What S
We Do
Danny

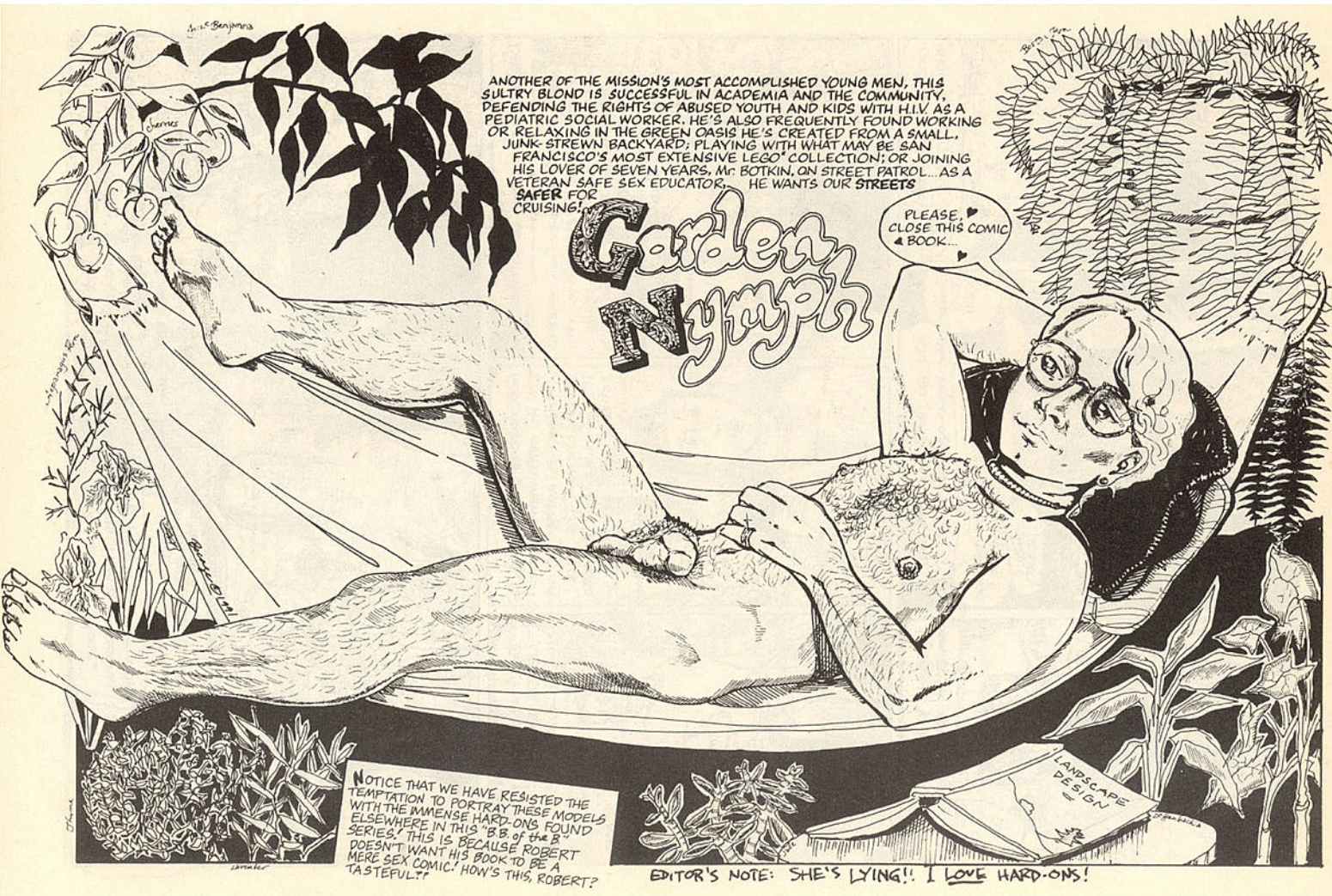
"Now
we have
what do
do with hi
the genera
the studen
Danny Dov
Whatever th
may conclude t
Danny is a well-
"luvved" figure
only because of
odd remarks.

Pamela
if he is a
Mark Fea
it's Mr. E
a scream!"
tough guy
dismisses D
another hoo
merely says
a spastic."

One of Dan
friends, cheerleader Tommy Muscle, emphasizes that Danny is like a dead carnation: "Once you have it, you can't give it to a girl, and you don't know what to do with it."

HMM?
I SAID: WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH GAPING AT THE FISH, YOU'RE WELCOME TO ORDER YOUR MEAL!
P. MARCEL 8/88

"BOCAGE'S BOYS OF THE BIOREGIONS" CONCEPTUAL PORN SERIES, PRESENTS:
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED
RESTRAIN ME, SEARCH ME. BLOW MY WHISTLE...!
DISTINGUISHED ACHIEVEMENTS AS A PSYCHOLOGIST, WRITER & COLUMNIST, GOURMET COOK, AND SEX WORKER (retired) ARE JUST A FEW OF THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THIS SENSUOUS STREET PATROL MEMBER FROM THE MISSION. FROM HIS EARLY DAYS OF TAKING THE FIGHT AGAINST NAZIS & FASCISTS TO THE STREETS OF HIS NATIVE CHICAGO, TO HIS PRESENT-DAY ACTIVISM WITH STREET PATROL, A Q U A N E T, AND AS AN AIDS JOURNALIST, THE BICYCLE DARE DEVIL OF DIRECT ACTION SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "WRONGWAY" BOTKIN NOT ONLY MAKES HIS NEIGHBORHOOD SAFER, BUT MORE FUN...


ANOTHER OF THE MISSION'S MOST ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG MEN, THIS SULTRY BLOND IS SUCCESSFUL IN ACADEMIA AND THE COMMUNITY, DEFENDING THE RIGHTS OF ABUSED YOUTH AND KIDS WITH H.I.V. AS A PEDIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER. HE'S ALSO FREQUENTLY FOUND WORKING OR RELAXING IN THE GREEN OASIS HE'S CREATED FROM A SMALL, JUNK-STREWN BACKYARD; PLAYING WITH WHAT MAY BE SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST EXTENSIVE LEGO* COLLECTION; OR JOINING HIS LOVER OF SEVEN YEARS, Mr. BOTKIN, ON STREET PATROL... AS A VETERAN SAFE SEX EDUCATOR. HE WANTS OUR STREETS SAFER FOR CRUISING!
Garden Nymph
PLEASE, CLOSE THIS COMIC BOOK...
LANDSCAPE DESIGN
NOTICE THAT WE HAVE RESISTED THE TEMPTATION TO PORTRAY THESE MODELS WITH THE IMMENSE HARD-ONS FOUND ELSEWHERE IN THIS "B.B. of the B." SERIES. THIS IS BECAUSE ROBERT DOESN'T WANT HIS BOOK TO BE A MERE SEX COMIC! HOW'S THIS, ROBERT? TASTEFUL?
EDITOR'S NOTE: SHE'S LYING!! I LOVE HARD-ONS!